

The Saga of Hailstorm

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Part I

"In Harm We Trust"

By

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The Saga of Hailstorm

PART I

In Harm We Trust



Karl's breath billowed in the frost like blasts of steam from an old black-iron locomotive. He smiled as the icicles began forming in his beard. He was the kind of man who loved the cold. He looked forward to his evening walks out in the Arctic darkness in the way he used to thirst for the sight of land after many long weeks at sea. The cold was a chalice of silence into which Karl was pouring a deep and inadmissible secret. He had sworn an oath to himself to take his first human life this winter. All his years of silent rage were opening up like a womb of wonder. It felt so good to admit the necessity of it all to himself. On these night walks he found respite and solace. He could plan. He could open his heart to the chill it would take to become a merciless death knight of nature's vengeance in this Christ-softened world of bleating humanitarian sheep.

Karl didn't think of himself as crazy. His desire to deal in death was purely that of a soldier and guardian of truth. The seeds of his burgeoning warrior ethos bloomed deep, like grinning skulls entrenched in an ancient burial mound. Rivulets of the timeless pagan spirit seeped in like rain to feed the roots at the core of his sense of martial responsibility. He was no longer bound by a meek, apologetic paradigm. His inner growth was aggressive, his stance was bold. Karl exhaled a sigh of relief. What was

happening within him was nothing short of...*right*. Karl gazed up in admiration at Polaris as it blazed white on the black plain of the night sky. The Big Dipper swung at a right angle to it, forming the foremost bent leg of the legendary Germanic Hakenkreuz. It was the changing, wheeling position of the Dipper throughout the night that had given birth to the feared but misunderstood symbol which Karl held so dear to his heart. Without the sorcery of that solar sigil, Karl would never have found the freedom to become what he now needed to be.

He clenched a sweating fist inside his mitten, shaking hands in a subconscious pact with his inner sense of resolve. It wasn't a question of 'If' but 'When'. Karl walked on, relishing the snow-blanket of primordial tranquillity. His thoughts swam in the icy calm brought forth by these rare moments of fresh air and reflection. The joy he felt to be out of the house was made so precious and poignant because it took him all day to get to it. As a father of two rampaging toddler-age boys, Karl had nearly forsaken the struggle to think during the day. His sons screamed and chattered, sang and roared through the house with such a stubborn allegiance to chaos that his mind had to lie in wait like a famished hunter, the hunger in its eyes as keen as its stomach was empty.

Everything else had to take a back seat to rearing the boys. The creation of their confidence was his full-time job. It was a lesson that Karl was teaching himself. Duty and

fatherhood came first. It seemed a shame to crush his sons' little wild manly spirits at such a delicate, formative age. They could pick up discipline and learn the value of silence later. For now, let their lust for life prevail.

All that said, it was difficult. Karl's secret burned at his mind. His tethered wrath seethed like a hateful star, radiant and impetuous. By the time he and his wife had finished reading to the boys in bed at night he was like a nocked arrow on a taut bowstring. Karl begrudged the tug of his impatience because he wanted, more than anything, to be a good father.

He never skipped their nightly ritual of listening to the *13th Warrior* theme song together. He took the pursuit of consistency to a plateau bordering on religious devotion. First they had their song. They held their foreheads together, hands clasped, and sang the melody like a magical incantation to the sun, praying for a surge of its strength. Almost every night, it brought tears welling up in his eyes. Afterwards, it was always time for random questions. Could Frankenstein kill Odin? Do Germans brush their teeth? How many years would it take to grow as big as a frost giant? Karl answered them all. No matter how bottomless their pit of curiosity, Karl took it in his stride, even if he felt like a corked champagne bottle shaken too early for a party that felt like it would never start.

Life as a wandering deck seaman in the Merchant Marine hadn't done much to prepare Karl for family life. He was forty now. It had taken almost fifteen years to find his way back to the bastion of his beginnings. He hated to admit it, but the better part of his adult life had been a massive looping detour back to where he started from as a teenager. Before his first wayward under-age beer, he had been his small Kansas town's only Nazi. Karl had been drawn to Hitler and the SS like a jackboot to the ribs of a die-hard Communist. The gravity had been elemental, unexplainable and utterly undeniable.

It had been Karl's curse that his fascination with and love for the Third Reich, at that critical age, didn't have the buoyancy to save him from the flood of youth's folly. Karl discovered that all it took, for him, was a twelve-pack of beer to become a Superman. Before he knew it, booze had become his Führer. His brain went into the pickle jar of self-absorption. He shelved the sacrificial legacy of the SS and picked up his first Jack Kerouac novel. It was wild and full of wanderlust. It enticed with the promise of freedom and rebellion. It made being young seem like the streak of a one-in-a-million shooting star. All of these separate threads had the stickiness of a man-eating spider's web. Thus Karl was caught and so began his fifteen year pursuit after the frayed coat-tails of the absurd Beatnik legend, that indelible cornerstone of cultural Marxism that so wickedly seduced and poisoned the naive American youth with degenerate Jewish ideology.

The irony wasn't lost on Karl. He liked to think now that he had spent all of those years behind enemy lines, so to speak. In the same way, Hermann the Cherusker had served in the Roman legions before using the military training that he had received in Rome to annihilate the invaders later, in the battle of the Teutobergerwald. Karl was at peace with his mistakes now. They were hallmarks of his bravery and hammer blows that had hardened his inner steel core.

In the years since he had quit drinking, Karl had only one true regret. His transformation and recovery had turned him into a warrior without a war. His battle with the bottle had been a way to prove his toughness and to test his mettle in a paunchy world neutered by the pacifist prevailing pacifist paradigm. Karl had slogged through the minefields of degeneracy in a campaign of self-destruction as brutal as the World War II conflict on the Eastern Front. He shelled himself with hangovers. He was stabbed and beaten and his bones were broken. Nothing kept him down or out of the trench for long. The glory of this spectral combat kept him glued to the front lines, a ghost of himself, haunting the craters of an eternally failed offensive into No Man's Land. His sense of honour craved the bombardment. He felt like he deserved it for what he had become.

Then one day, a decade and a half later, he had woken up, looked down, and seen the blue eyes of his oldest son

twinkling up at him, looking for a hero and example. Becoming a father was Karl's awakening, a cataclysmic blast from the holy 88mm flak cannon of truth. Fuck Jack Kerouac, Fuck Jim Morrison, Fuck Shane MacGowan and all those other drunken superfluous assholes sitting on ego-polished barstools of fame. How had he idolised such wastrels? How had he fallen so hard for the Marxist siren song? Here, now, looking at his son, this was something real to fight for. The enemy was not himself, it was the International Jew and his minions: every liberal loser and Shabbos goy, and every last destructive, parasitic Negroid welfare pet brought in by their malign schemes and immigration policies to degrade and destroy any prospects his white children had for a hopeful future.

Karl had gone spinning back to the Swastika like the captain of a ship steering north by the ironclad reliability of the Pole Star. He was as tough as nails now, and he knew better. His immunity against the Jew had become absolute. In the four years since Sigfrid's birth, he had spent hours uncounted at sea as a lookout to support his family. He had grown keen and vigilant like Heimdall, the Nordic God-Sentinel who stood as watch-warden over the approach to Bifröst, the mythical Nordic rainbow bridge. The ship he worked on was like an iron cocoon. Karl's warrior spirit grew its wings there as his old sharpness returned. He was like a twenty year old in a forty year old body. His youth had been robbed, but he relished the

motivation he got from feeling like he was running out of time. He had to become relevant and he had to do it fast.

Karl dried out like ironwood and became strong. When he wasn't lifting weights, he sifted through the growing constellation of National Socialist websites on the Internet, gaining knowledge and gaining ground. His quest to find others like himself obsessed the lonely press of his off-watch hours. He had a hard time forcing himself to sleep. There were so many books to read. It was easy now to find translations of the Reich literature first hand. The morals were hard and eternal. They fed his soul like charcoal heaped on a hot fire.

More than from anything else, Karl took joy in the fact that he wasn't the only one in the world who felt like World War II wasn't over with. Looking back, it had been lack of community and support that had led to the downfall of his teenage Nazi revelations. There had been no-one to share them with. It had all been ancient history, and it felt like a dead end. Now the story was different. An irrefutable storm surge of white pride and retributive righteousness was rising across Europe and America alike. It shone like the Allfather's tower of Hlidskjalf, with Odin's eye, like the beam of a lighthouse, soaring high and Aryan and true over the limitless ocean of Talmudic lies.

The Saga of Hailstorm



The more he had awakened, the more Karl began to mourn every day of his son's lives that he lost, captive to the sea. He was caught in the worn out snake skin of his old life, a prisoner of his boyhood fascination with Jack London's maritime tales. Depressed by his captivity, Karl battled against fatigue and the inherent desolation of the ocean that had been his wayward home for so many wasted and misguided years. The thrill of being a sailor was long gone. Ships were no longer vessels of courage and adventure occupied by the best and boldest men of the race. They had become floating steel prisons of industrial commerce, auto-piloted by corporate computer programs. There was no glory in it. No-one got wet and no-one got perched high on the mast with a knife in their teeth. You had to fill out a managerial permission slip to open a bucket of paint or take a shit.

Karl stopped to cinch up the lace of his boot. He called to his dogs, and they undulated across the white plain of virgin snow like porpoises of shadow. He pulled his hands free of his mittens and rushed to tie his lace before numbness took hold. Karl finished quickly and reholstered his frozen fists in the mittens, frowning. This string of memories hurt. His time at home, between voyages, as he had struggled to find the path to freedom, had been overshadowed by the bitter truth of this mockery that the once-proud maritime tradition had become. Karl was sickened by the titanic parody that this travesty made

manifest. The more he read about the truth, the more the lie of modern life poisoned him. His moods began to mimic and echo the infinite chaos of the ocean waves. He struggled to hold this inner tempest in check, but his frustration with this perpetual self-imposed prison sentence sometimes boiled over. Karl was blind to it himself, but years in the trenches of the drunk war had left behind a festering battle-scar of anger on the nobler side of his restless soul.

Eventually, like a hawk in a hurricane, he had faced the wind and levelled out by sheer force of will. Karl mastered himself, and hammered out most of his rough edges on the anvil of sobriety. His steadfastness in the face of this struggle had been chiselled out of a thousand cycles of victory over panic in the face of tempest and trial, storm and disaster. The endurance required by the sea had hammered a diamond-edged hardness into Karl that was hard to fathom and could not be broken. This stoicism lent him a quiet, forbidding presence like a dark eagle soaring on feathers of iron.

As Adolf Hitler had needed his sentence at Landsberg prison to forge the fires of his will and temper the steel of his resolve in his time, Karl, also, had needed the hardship of life at sea and the separation from his family to hammer home the lessons of his misspent youth. Without that struggle he would have been a lesser man, like so many of the mediocre around him. On the ocean there had been plenty of time to think, to erode, to harden, and to change.

There, his heart had burned like a blowtorch to force a massive tectonic shift in his destiny. He had to lay down roots and to show his sons safely onto the glorious path of ascending potential laid out for Aryan man. The first part of the answer was clear. The first step, the first rung on the ladder, had to be to *get land*. A male was not a man until he had land; land he could sink his toes into, hold dear, and defend. This was the most vital lesson he had learned from the sea; the hard physical truth of the territorial imperative, the undeniable bond between blood and soil as experienced by one who had been denied both.

Now, by Odin's beard, he had it. A little over an acre, in fact. It wasn't the sprawling farm of his dreams, but it was a start. Karl let his thoughts roll out ahead of him like the line of a storm front as he crunched through the snow and broke icicles from his beard.

The cold spoke to him. It bolstered his sense of having come full circle. It had a voice, and that voice sang to him of the space between worlds. It was the crystalline whisper of truth from the Gods and a kiss of purity from the darkest mysteries of stellar oblivion. Up until now, only frost had had the power to soothe his rage. Karl now had a growing hunch that spilling blood might soothe it better. He clenched his jaw and thought of the old berserkers from the Norse sagas. He held them dear like long lost brothers. They were the embodiment of primal fire and ice, warrior werewolves of boundless fury. No-one gave them shit or tried to get them into anger management classes.

Karl laughed aloud at that thought. There were so many things to be furious about, but they seemed abstract when held up to the murderous clarity he gathered through the lens provided by the cold.

A wave of spontaneous joy crashed over him. The echo of the initial surprise reverberated in him anew. Northern Sweden. How on earth had he ended up here, of all places? It was ■ miracle of the Internet, the same sort of luck that had led him to his loyal Romanian wife. One moment he had a ten-thousand dollar tax-return check and then a month later he had signed it over to ■ friendly Swede sporting a Thor's hammer around his neck. It was a thirty-percent deposit towards a renovated four-bedroom house on a parcel of land at the edge of a tiny rail-road town just below the edge of the Arctic Circle. It was all so surreal that it still made his head spin.

Looking back, there had been a constellation of superficial factors, but when he really thought about it now, following his German Shepherds through the soothing, scintillating snow...as crazy as it might sound, he felt as though it had been Odin himself calling Karl home to the North. It had been some ancestral war-horn reverberating through his soul like a deep, resonant tuba blast. The North was brewing a savage, unbridled tempest of rage in the hearts of the men who were still loyal to it. It thundered for men like Karl. It called for a divine mustering; for all men of fury and fortitude to clump

together, the way an infected body marshals its white blood cells to fight a deadly disease.

The reason for this need could be seen on any newscast on any media network in the western world. An army of Muslim parasites, promoted as poor, pitiable 'refugees', flowed into the white ancestral homelands of North-Western Europe like a dark river of liquid asphalt meant to pave over the eternal prevailing beauty of European culture and achievement. There wasn't a doubt in Karl's mind, it was meant to be a lethal injection to the cohesive identity of what remained of his Race.

Where were the alarm bells? Where were the armies to resist the foe? It was 2015 and Europe was not only in trouble, Europe was dying. The Vikings of old would not have hesitated to call it Ragnarök but somehow the volume of the Gjallarhorn had been muted. The colossal urgency and epic scope of conflict had been muffled by blandness and made trivial by the cunning of Jewish cultural assassins who masked themselves as political pundits and news reporters.

Karl felt a shudder as the dogs came to a halt and pricked up their ears. It was some cousin of fear, but a far more sinister strain – ■ deadly crypt-whisper from the twin phantoms; Genocide and Extinction. Ahead, marring the silence, a gibbering hoard of these accursed desert monkeys...the Sons of Surt, as he liked to call them, crossed the street. The dogs growled low, though the miscreants were probably a half-mile distant. To Karl, they

were walking turds with bugling bullhorn mouths. Their demonic disregard for the sanctity of the snowbound silence made him wish for blood. He felt like he could sell his very soul for an MG42 and a belt of ammunition to go with it.

A jet blast of hate surged through his body. He had only lived in Sweden for six months, but he loved the North with a lion-hearted ferocity. It killed him to see that as far as he could tell, he, a foreigner, was the only real defender and alarmist in a town of what appeared to be entirely apathetic Swedish natives. They were all humanitarian liberal lunatics, it seemed. What else could explain their calm acceptance of this crime against nature? How could they go on with day-to-day life whilst their lands were being pumped full of hostile desert-cretins and rapists?

Right after Karl had arrived, giddy with adoration for the majesty of the Arctic Summer, right after he had signed the papers to the house, this unforeseen scourge had come, like an Aladdin's curse dragging at his heels. Karl's Scandinavian Elysium seemed as irrevocably polluted as a pristine lake pumped full of crude oil. Before long, the town had been swamped in an ominous Summer flood of purple and yellow-skinned outsiders, flowing up endlessly from the armpit of the Levant.

They were bemoaned and heralded on the television as victims of ■ terrible humanitarian crisis, the proportions of which somehow justified the presence of all these

government-sponsored Muslim welfare rats who now infested the streets of every town in Sweden like a plague of vermin. How could these proud Nordic people allow this to happen in their own back yard? How could they bear these sub-human lice crawling and seething through the fair forests of their green and golden homeland? It was like pouring a nest of radioactive cockroaches onto the streets of Asgard.

Ironically, it was Karl, the lone American transplant, who seemed most affected by this invasion. In his heart he had made a vow to stand alone, if needed, to defend the honour of the pristine Swedish landscape, even if there was no-one else who would. It seemed impossible to get more than a half-hearted grumble from the locals. Their biggest worry was being labelled 'racist', so they bent over backwards to ensure that the polished face of their egalitarian altruism reigned supreme.

The Swedes that Karl met in town were mostly concerned with the fact that the refugees were breaking the rules. These monkeys had an innate disrespect and abhorrence for order. They seemed to be allergic to using garbage cans. The worst part for the Swedes, though, was that their new pet Negroes couldn't seem to be able to read the signs that told them what *not* to do. Karl himself had run afoul of this clause in the Swedish fabric of society by letting his dogs run on the cross-country skiing trail that almost nobody used. The mayor himself had materialised

from behind a tree and scolded Karl like a schoolboy.

This man had nearly gone rabid with spittle flying from his lips as he threatened to call the police about it... because there was a *sign* that said, '*Ej Hundar Pa Spar I Vintertid*'. Here was the bizarre reality of how the rule of law could backfire. Here was a village chieftain amongst White Men who was ten-thousand times more worried about the dogs of another fellow White Man making tracks in the wrong swathe of snow than by the invasion of his hometown by dark, soulless hordes of lazy, arrogant scum from the South who would no doubt roast the dumb bastard alive over flaming shards of his own garden fence just for being white, if the truth be told, and if they thought they might get away with it. Karl was resolute. Despite the insanity of the townspeople, his determination to mount some kind of covert resistance did not waver. He was a hot-blooded man with small children; a fighter, and an idealist. No matter if he was the only physical body who had actually shown up for the war, he damn well planned on taking the fight to his enemy in some way, shape, or form. He was happy enough to have the open support of his lovely Transylvanian wife, who stood staunch with him every step of the way. She seemed like one of the last true Valkyries, albeit sometimes a somnolent, over-sensitive one.

The Winter darkness was getting under her skin and the cabin fever made it hard sometimes to stay civil, but she was a true soldierette who liked to watch videos on how to

crush an enemy's windpipe as much as she liked to knit or sew. It probably had something to do with her being descended from the family of folk who adored Vlad the Impaler as their greatest King. Still, she wasn't all sharpened stakes and vampire fangs...the move had truly been hard on her and neither Karl or Nika had settled enough to make any real friends yet.

It was hard to imagine themselves befriending any of these bizarre people, so suicidally blinded by pathological altruism and liberal thinking that their worst women waved signs in the streets saying such things as '*Will Trade Racists for Rapists*'. The culture gap was proving much harder to bridge than they had thought it would be. For the time being, it was just them, the dogs, the kids...and the bizarre dichotomy between this creeping sense of cultural doom they felt, being offset by the glorious purity of the savage Nordic winter.

Karl passed under the streetlight nearest his house and looked down at the silver and black *Leibstandarte Adolf Hitler* cuff title that he had just sewn onto his black goose-down parka using his wife's sewing machine. The name looked so pure and powerful. Seeing it there made his left arm feel like a loaded gun. The silver wire thread was dusted with the finest crystalline micro-filaments of snow. Ah, snow and silver...there was something about the combination of the two that made his heart glad.

Karl whistled to the dogs and picked up the pace. It was

time to check the mail. He and his wife had been waiting eagerly for a week. Their days as weaponless folk in this neutered society were going to be a thing of the past. Until Karl was able to master Swedish at the level required to pass the written test for a firearms permit, he was going to have to make due with the sword.

His steps quickened as he rounded the corner of the street, passing by a quaint maroon house with fake candles burning in the dark unoccupied windows. His nearest neighbour only lived in the house every other Summer. It was whispered around town that the man had actually bought his ebony wildebeest of a wife at a tin-pot market in Nigeria. Karl looked forward to scowling at her from his property line. He already had a half-metre of stone wall piled up so eventually he wouldn't have to look at her at all. Seeing black people at this latitude was just plain depressing. Even though his legs sunk in the drifting snow up to his waist as he trudged up to the mailbox, Karl barely noticed. He was so close to owning his first combat-grade sword that he could taste it. He ripped off his right mitten and fumbled around inside. There it was, ■ note from the Post. A package waiting at the Co-op. Karl looked up at the North Star and smiled at its steady, unchanging gleam. It twinkled in ■ way that made his neck hairs stand on end. A quiver of the warrior impulse brought the blood tingling against the numbness in his cheeks. He had paid the extra twenty pounds sterling to have his weapon delivered sharp enough to shave with.

"Come on, Panzer.", Karl urged in a gruff challenge as he patted his thigh. His juggernaut of a shepherd pup wagged his lumbering arm of a tail and followed him into the woodshed. As he pulled the back door of the house open, balancing an armload of birch, he peered through the screen of tree silhouettes in the darkness towards the lights of the refugee apartment building that loomed in the distance.

Karl's pulse quickened. It was so hard to wait, it defied all instinct. It was like trying to relax and read a book next to the fireplace whilst your house was burning down around you. It took every bit of the patience he had learned at sea to get through the day without the blood of one of these stupid, subhuman mongrels on his hands. He had to remember that he had the initiative and anonymity. It was like a game of chess. Karl just had to decide when to make the opening move.

A fresh layer of powdered diamond snow twinkled in the darkness. Karl was out with the dogs again a few nights later. His new silver SS honour ring gleamed cold and true in the moonlight. He admired it with the devotion of a new husband contemplating the gravity and glory of his wedding vow. It finally formalised his oath to revive the SS. He had wanted one like it for years. It was time to get the hand back in his mitten, though. God-damn. It was starting to feel like a dead stone sculpture, it had gone so numb. His ears, too, burned with frost, unaccustomed as

they were to being exposed to the reaper's scythe of these murderous Arctic winds. Karl felt with his good hand and pulled his hat off long enough to pull up the toque around his neck to ring his face and cover his ears. The tyranny of this positively lethal, almost *interstellar* cold ruled with a merciless iron fist. Maybe that's why he liked it so much. It really forced you to pay attention. It made earlobes and fingertips into treasures that you had to fight every day to keep.

Tonight Karl sported a black SS panzer side-cap with an embroidered silver wire Death's Head insignia. It fitted down over the toque just right. What a feeling. Unleashing the long repressed emblems of the Germanic Awakening in the open night-air gave Karl such a satisfying sense of release. It was like unlocking the wolf cages at the zoo to restore the true predatory balance of nature. The Totenkopf, of all symbols, *belonged* in the North. It was the skull of peril, the face of the frost, the grim herald of the ever present Arctic threat to all unwary or unprepared warm-blooded beings.

Karl felt a twinge of shyness pass through him. He had to laugh. He was still training himself not to be self-conscious when wearing his self-styled uniform. He had to remind himself that *this* was the way that men of Europe should be dressing. Had Germany won the war, Europe would have been seventy years into the thousand year Reich. There would be Runes and Swastikas, Skulls and Eagles embroidered onto every swatch of clothing from

Svalbard all the way down to Sicily...probably even further. Karl himself, by wearing the old symbols, served as a walking gateway into that World That Should Be. His life-force was a bridge connected to that forgotten plane of power.

His peaked cap cut through the night like the prow of a lost Númenórean ship yearning for the sunny shores of an immortal and deathless Germanic Valinor. There was nothing that could stop him and there was absolutely nothing to be ashamed of. The funny thing was, though, at these temperatures, there wouldn't be anyone around to notice Karl even had he been followed by a torchlight battalion of goose-stepping *Brownshirts*. The snowy streets were empty. The outdoor world was his. Karl stood tall and strode onward, a one-man-army on honour-patrol in his dead little cryogenic ghost-town. The ghastly glow of televisions emanated from the window sockets of the snow-covered houses like the flicker of poorly-wired morgue lights. The zombies were all tucked in tight, mind-melding with their lord and master, the electronic Jew.

Karl hadn't owned a television for ten years. He avoided them at all costs. He still struggled with his computer at night, but that was a different thing altogether. His online research wasn't passive programming. He had spent the better part of a decade of nights, delving into the deepest alcoves of pagan lore and Nazi doctrine, deciphering a new code to live by. During the day he had tried to make up for that imbalance by plugging into ■ higher voltage

socket of life and taking the time to watch the weather. Lately, Karl read the clouds more than he read books. Tonight his senses felt clear as he revelled in the darkness and the raw savagery of the Arctic wind. Tonight, the world was his. Karl was the star of the show. He was going to *live* the movie. He walked down the road like a gunfighter on the moon.

There was a lethal potency in the way the new hat focused Karl's primal intentions. The Nazi eagle over the skull felt like a sigil of forbidden Teutonic power. Tonight his mind soared on those silver wings. He had never felt quite so blissful at the thought of killing. The hilt of his new sword jutted up from the sheath he had slung on his back, hidden underneath the bulk of the parka.

He had agonised for hours to give the blade its proper name. He must have spent half a day browsing through Old Norse names before the sword seemed to name itself. Karl had been absently thumbing the blade when a sudden bright slit of pain pulled him out of his etymological trance. He had cut his thumb and drawn his own blood first. *Harm*. The sword seemed to whisper it aloud. So simple, but so apt. It was the name of his favourite character in his favourite book. *The Warwolf* was a revenge epic about vigilante farmers during the Thirty Years War in Germany, written by the renowned German poet of the Lüneberg Heath, Hermann Löns. *Harm*. Harm it would be then; for himself first and for his enemies forever after.

Like a beacon from the Black Sun, Karl's grim joy shone radiant upon his face. He was drawing closer to his objective. Over the course of the winter, the streets had become icy trenches from the sweep of the snowploughs. A man would actually have to *climb* out of the street to avoid an oncoming car. It felt like some kind of polar labyrinth.

Karl liked the way it focused his options. It made his course of action seem inevitable. His hounds followed from behind like primordial shadows of old Germanic vengeance. It was good to have them around. There was nothing that tickled Karl's funny-bone more than watching these Muslims flare their jaundiced eyes in terror as his growling, shaggy wolf-beasts approached, covered in a crystalline pelt of ice and snow, their hackles raised in suspicion at the guilty smell emanating from the greasy outlanders. Amongst the constellation of reasons that Karl had to hate these marauding desert parasites, there was one inexcusable flaw in their make-up that ensured the invincible ongoing clarity of his conscience, no matter how deep into the militant morass of killing he might one day fall. It was the well known fact that these sand-kissing, goat-fucking fig-gobblers loathed dogs. They not only loathed them, they tortured them and crucified them and stoned them to death after burning out their eyes with cigarette butts. Karl ground his teeth thinking about it. He had seen it all online. Aryan men, on the other hand, used dogs as judges of truth. A wolf sat on either side of Odin's

throne. It was a hallmark of the Aryan race that they chose to honour the Allfather's example by earning the trust of wolves and giving them a place of prestige within the family. A European man loved his dogs and placed an almost religious faith in their instinct to raise the alarm when danger was near. *That* was why Muslims despised the noble loyalty of the canine species. Dogs could smell the rot in their empty rat-poisoned souls. As far as Karl was concerned, any excuse for a biped that was guilty of torturing a dog deserved nothing more than to be squashed like a bug and erased from existence.

Karl passed by the small brick schoolhouse and turned his holy malice towards the refugee apartment buildings. Here was the tumour, the cancer of the town. Karl loved to prowl the perimeter of the apartment grounds and relish in fantasies of burning it all to the ground. No-one seemed to grasp the urgency of the matter. These subhuman trolls were here to stay, permanently. This was certain. The liberal feminist government had no loftier goal than to ensure that every last Eritrean Ebola-rat lived like a king on taxes bled out of the native Swedes' honest effort.

These fucking maggots had all the time in the world to breed, to suck the system dry with their useless appetites. Any sane person with cancer in their body would cut it out in a horrified instant, without a second thought, without the slightest tremor of remorse. These Swedes, however, were laying out the red carpet for their cancer and *implanting* it into every cell in the body of their nation.

They were feeding *everything* into it; their land, their ancestors, their houses, their children, their elderly, their money, their time, their history and their future...all of it.

It was like watching children in a giddy frenzy of pyromania. Karl had seen it in his own offspring. They sometimes burnt the toy warriors that the dogs had chewed up by throwing them into the firebox of the boiler unit to send them to Valhalla. Once the boys got started, though, they would throw every last toy they owned into the flames without a second thought. Karl often had to physically restrain them or lock the toy-box to stop them from invoking the Holocaust upon their Lord of the Rings action figures. Karl laughed to himself. It was too bad they didn't sell little plastic Jews to incinerate instead. Maybe they did. He would have to look into it.

Nonetheless, it was this same demonic, infantile glee exhibited by his toddlers as they destroyed their prized possessions that seemed to have overcome the suicidal female council of leadership that stood at the helm of the Swedish political machine. This was the kind of thing that happened when you put childless women in control of the destiny of a nation. They turned the world into a kindergarten. Karl laughed. He had to. It was the only way he could cope, short of violence.

A door opened to one of the apartment buildings. A group of hooded black scarecrows, swaddled in what looked like brand-new coats, came spilling out of the

entryway. Suddenly the Arctic night smelt like the back alley of some putrescent Liberian slum deep in sub-Saharan Ebola-country. Even at the distance from which Karl looked on, the stink was hard to believe; a miasma of disgusting equatorial pheromones. It was a blend of wet ashtray, chicken grease, mildew, tooth decay, unflushed toilet, burnt hair, and fetid armpits. The chatter of *Australopithecus Africanus* jarred Karl's nerves, desecrating the blanket of peace that had settled like a layer of snow to soothe and insulate his mind. Their alien voices wallowed into the dry tinder of his brain like snorts from an African hippopotamus, making a sloppy, discordant mud-hole out of what had, only seconds before, been a dark, soothing kingdom of silence. The cacophony of their apish tones cackled like profanity hurled at the stars. Karl ground his teeth as the ignition key turned in the engine of his resentment. It didn't take any effort. The horsepower of his rage roared to life. Their god-damn gutter language felt like vomit being crammed into his ears as they spoke.

Before long, they were all lighting fresh cigarettes to dangle from their swollen black baboon lips. Four of the five ape-men carried what must surely be government-subsidised smart-phones. Karl's brow furrowed. What would a nigger do without a cellphone? It was now evidently ■ fundamental 'human right' to have one. Every time Karl looked at one of these invaders he saw the price tag go up. The cigarettes they smoked were burned like little tax dollar torches. Karl thought about it whenever he

watched one of these mongrels open a pack. It was like a clip full of bullets going into a rifle. These maggots were smoking the future of Europe, plain and simple. Every cigarette shot a hole in some bright white native European child's buoyancy and betterment. It was an epiphany of diabolical truth that made Karl want to put his fist through a wall.

The Jews, and their swarthy armies from the Shit Holes of the Earth were killing any hope that humanity ever had of attaining greatness. These walking pustules of African filth were poison personified. They crept and burrowed their way across Europe like diseased Egyptian grave beetles, insinuating their dumb insectile hunger into the innocent heartwood of every stiff-backed eternal evergreen tree in the whole proud emerald sea of endless northern forest. Karl watched this group of crypt-beetles pass, wearing shiny metro-sexual winter clothes from the city that were already empty in his mind. Their clothing would soon be blood-soaked grave rags if things went the way he intended them to tonight.

Unexpectedly, one of the Afroids hawked up a glob of his inner filth and spat this yellow ichor into the snow at his feet. It was the last straw. Karl's blood began to seethe and boil. In his mind's eye, the snowflakes themselves were screaming, melting into the nigger spit like tiny, immaculate edelweiss flowers drowning in some kind of Orcish acid. Karl clicked his tongue and gave an arm signal to heel the dogs. The snow-spitter and his gang of

goons disappeared around the corner, shivering and ululating against the cold. Karl and his hounds were quick to follow. They trailed the strutting heels of the jibbering beasts like shadows of encroaching doom. They must be heading to the train station out at the far edge of town. It was almost too good to be true. This was the closest he had ever come, even in his mind, to what neutered modern society might call murder, never mind how justified it was. Finally. It was the perfect chance. There had never been a group of the bastards that epitomised his disgust for their squalid, fecal race more than this one. He couldn't blow this opportunity. He had to calm down and think. He couldn't do it in the train station. There were probably cameras everywhere. He had to get them out of the white trench of the street labyrinth or else the blood of five butchered Negroes would probably make it look like a whale had been slaughtered in the middle of the road. Hard to hide that kind of evidence.

Karl eased back further, tailing the 'refugees' by about twenty paces with his hunting knife gripped tight inside the pocket of his parka. He had it out of the sheath with his thumb flirting along the razor edge. It was a bad habit. In this cold he probably wouldn't even feel a cut until his pocket felt wet from the blood. Karl threw his head back in exaltation and the back of his skull jarred against Harm's frigid wooden hilt. He had almost forgotten the sword! His hunter's focus tonight was almost too sharp. His killing instinct glittered in his mind like the tip of a spear.

Harm pleaded with him to be unsheathed. The giant two-handed German *Kriegsmesser* would probably scare these fuckers so badly that they would scatter like grenade shrapnel before he even got it halfway out of its sheath. He would never catch all of them...it was best to keep it hidden. It was there if he needed it. Karl quickened his pace. He had to get closer. These cocky little monkeys had not an inkling of the feral shadows that stalked them. That was how slack and careless they were after just a few months in the altruistic infant-cradle of the welfare west.

It was like they had died and gone to whatever banana-tree orchard in the sky that niggers call heaven. They got free money, free bus pass, free apartment, free furniture, free swimming pool, free museums, free movies, free cigarettes, free liquor, and even free kisses from the brainwashed harlots of the feminist welcome-wagon. It wasn't hard to imagine how thrilling it must be for these roaches to find themselves on these fair shores. They had the keys to the kingdom handed to them on a silver platter. Everywhere they went they were now treated like fashionable dignitaries; sometimes housed on cruise ships, sometimes even billeted in castles, all to pay off the debt of Europe's guilt for greatness.

Karl was almost to the point of no return, but his steps were faltering, getting smaller. He was only four or five metres behind them, gritting his teeth with the strain from his inner tug-of-war. He suddenly knew that he wasn't going to do it. His wife was at home sewing, his boys were

tucked up in bed, and the boiler needed wood. God-damn it. The stars were rioting in the sky for blood. The eye of the moon was sworn to secrecy. The knife was sharper than the blade of frost in the polar wind...yet something wasn't right. It was a waste. It might look easy, but it was too close to home. If even one of them escaped to tell the tale, his life as a free man, husband, and father was over.

Without warning, Panzer let loose with a savage, bellowing bark that Karl could feel all the way down in his bones. He had never heard anything like it. It sounded like a man-eating pagan hellhound baying for blood. Karl was momentarily suffused with awe for his pup as the Nigg Noggs jerked to the whipcrack of their reflexes. They stood paralysed in the street, held in thrall to the voltage that comes as a companion to sudden primordial terror. After a breathless moment, panic set in and they leapt back like chimps wearing shock collars in the finale of some sadistic circus act. Karl couldn't help but laugh. One of them slipped in the snow and dropped his phone on the street. Karl's blazing temper flared. What business did these obscenely ugly, half-witted pseudo-hominids have using the pre-eminent technology of the White Race anyway? These hostile little pea-brained monkey-men had no respect for what the Aryan mind had done to create such wonders. Cars, phones, air-planes, guns, light-bulbs...if these African scum had someone to worship, it certainly wasn't their imaginary spook, Allah, but the radiant and beautiful God-like race that somehow still suffered these

dark, useless primates to go on living and taking up space in the barren wastes of the earth that they themselves owned by right of their own dazzling might and merit. The lords of light and Torch Bearers of the Ultimate Fire, what spear-chucking diaper-clad Zulu horde could stand against them? Men who had pioneered all the expanses of lands, and navigated the great oceans, and launched themselves into the skies above – even into the dark, empty eye-socket of Odin himself; these heroes who had dared to fly in the face of mystery and to tread upon the icy majesty of the furthest reaches, could these kingly Hyperborean scions of adventure not eradicate the lowly Negro at the slightest whim?

Karl crossed his arms like an Arno Breker statue of proud German granite. His wrath wreathed him like an aura in the snow. He stood there, a cold, ruthless reincarnation of the unflinching Aryan spirit. No iron-jawed SS tank commander had faced the unstoppable Russian hordes with more fearless zeal than what Karl seethed with now. Across from him, the Stygian subhumans looked back from the bunker of their shared stupidity and saw only black and silver; death and nobility welded into an armour of invincible alloy. Karl felt the whiteness of his skin and the blue steel of his eyes; the weapons of war and marks of mastery that no enemy could ever strip from his possession. He could feel the crude barbs of their simian jealousy. Gods, how it must suck to be black! Karl grinned. His superiority shimmered.

The Negroids chattered their pygmy epithets and backed away. Karl didn't have to say anything else. Panzer had spoken for him. The cell-phone lay abandoned in the street, a shining relic of racial ingenuity and inventive brilliance. That poor phone. It had to spend its service life with ■ nigger blabbering its bad breath into it. It ought to be put out of its misery.

Out of the corner of his eye, Karl could see how eager the grimy primate was to reclaim the beacon of light, but the dogs were prowling too close for comfort. The refugees huddled together suddenly, grimacing, as the fury of the North was made manifest by a fresh gust of razor-edged wind. Karl, blood thundering in his temples, marched over to the phone in his hobnailed jackboots. Without a flicker of hesitation, he brought a foot down hard and smashed it into a vaguely rectangular pile of useless plastic, glass, and circuitry.

"Velkommen til *Sverige!*" – he emphasised this proud by-name of the Thulean nation in a bold voice that boomed with barbarian ferocity. The puffs of steam he huffed into the frozen air looked like the plume of a dragon about to breathe fire. The niggers just stood like dumbfounded animals in the street. Karl kicked the remnants of the phone over to them playfully, like ■ hockey puck of pure malice. The look in his eye dared them to try a return slapshot. Never had he, in all his life, thrown down the gauntlet with such relish. It was five on one, surely the laws of primate dynamics would force them into the fray.

Surely...

To Karl's bemused amazement, the refugees turned tail and did the one thing that people from Africa do best. They ran. They would be safe at the train station in less than a minute. The crush of disappointment was almost too much to bear. His fury reached out towards the fleeing enemy with invisible flexing claws of regret. He had been so close to finally doing it. The adrenaline coursed through his bloodstream and he felt a pang of breathless nausea. His palms were sweating and his teeth chattered. It took a few seconds to realise that he had his knife out in his hand. His fingers were already numb again from the frost.

Had the derelict little pygmy bastards seen it? Fuck. Before he knew what he was doing, Karl had turned and ducked down a path towards the forested darkness of the ski track at the edge of town.

What the hell was he thinking? A wave of cold practicality slapped him. The torch of his hatred fizzled out almost instantaneously. This was a dangerous game to play with so much on the line. He was going to have to find a way to sideline the berserker and to play a cooler hand of cards. The dogs were a dead give-away. These monkeys knew where his house was. Just because they tended to give it a wide berth didn't mean anything. Who *wouldn't* avoid the house of a man in a Viking helm who chopped his wood shirtless in the howling snow with an axe? His disdain for the so-called 'refugee' population blazed like a torch. They could feel it. His hostility was as

hot as Muspelheim. Parading around town in a self-styled SS paramilitary uniform certainly wasn't going to win him any points for subterfuge either.

Karl stopped on the path and knelt, shaking his head at the magnitude of his own short-sightedness. He called the dogs over and ruffled the ice out of their fur before heartily pounding them on the ribs with an involuntary baritone laugh. Despite the impotence of his regret, as difficult as it had been to feel the fuse of his ire snuffing out just short of the powder keg, Karl was happy. He had stood his ground and, more importantly, he had given these self-important royal baboons something to fear. He had created a nightmare, a legend of darkness to haunt their gossip and to mar the languid ease of their swaggering complacency.

The forest itself was a white citadel of silence. In it, nothing seemed to change or matter. Karl walked down the slope to the frozen river along the path. The moon on the snow brought back a memory from his brief time in Germany. He and his wife had lived in Southern Bavaria for a few months during a North Sea contract he had worked a few years back. He had spent the evenings running long distances in the snow along a similar river whilst listening to his favourite Viking metal, trying in some way to resurrect the Odinic spirit slumbering in the German soil. Many a night he had turned endorphins into magic and had felt Wotan's one eye fixed upon him. Karl

had always been comfortable in the dark. He understood the skull on the Nazi uniforms. The Germanic tribes had worshipped a god of death for thousands of years. This deeper camaraderie with death led to an unfathomable reservoir for life. The skull was the cup of dread, but it was also the cauldron of radiance.

He searched the stars overhead for some whisper of presence. He put his knife back in the sheath and felt a stagnant little twinge of sadness. Karl sighed. He shivered and wiped his nose on his sleeve. Calmly, he pulled *Harm* from the scabbard on his back and held the wicked blade up to the sky.

"Allfather!", he thought. "Let me find a way to fight this war and to keep my nobility of spirit. Let me be the point of your spear, yet hold me, if you would, behind the shield-wall of darkness that is your ultimate cloak of secrecy. There are too few men like me left to squander myself on some soothing berserker bloodbath. I have fighters to raise. Forty years old and I've only two young sons to speak your name. Our race, Allfather, is dying. I've got to be a father first and a fighter second. Let me burn with the fury of the North..." Karl searched the sky for the words to continue. *"Let me revive your legion, remember my oath at Wewelsburg castle, with my first-born son held high in the centre of the Black Sun on the floor of the General's Hall, to dedicate my life to re-establishing the order of the SS. No-one else is serious. The Odinists hide behind religion, the Nationalists hide behind phoney activism and politics. No-one*

will face the fact that the new Europe will have to be built upon ■ foundation of skulls. Odin Hjälpe Mig. We cannot go down this way, we..."

A meteorite blazing like a cannonball of white electric flame suddenly streaked down from Polaris towards the northern horizon. It was so bright that it cast shadows like a welding arc. Karl's jaw dropped open. Was it safe to consider himself answered? His heart glowed with numinous wonder. What ■ surreal stroke of divine concurrence. Chills crept up his spine and his skin prickled with goosebumps. It would be almost terrifying if he could believe the story his eyes were telling him.

Karl had been talking to the Old Gods for almost ten years now with only the vaguest sense of reciprocity. He knew in some corner of his heart that in talking to the Aesir, he was talking to himself, to some ghost flowing through the labyrinthine root system of his own blood vessels. He could feel himself at the forward edge of the long train of ancestry. He knew that Odin was the sum total of all his forefathers, a collective spirit, ■ one-eyed conductor, as maniacal and obsessive as Captain Ahab, a racially guiding force who kept the boiler full of fire and the train horn blowing strong.

Karl, up until now, had largely been a stoic man and liked being down to earth. He didn't expect much. He was content to have escaped the Christian paradigm, to be

the first man in his family to honour the pagan ways for probably at least a thousand years or more. The brazen flare of this ominous meteor, stuck now in the craw of his memory, held him in an awestruck straitjacket of paralysis. For a few moments he didn't breathe. In that silence he heard the gurgle of the last icy channel of free running water beneath the river ice. In a stroke of epiphany, the stiff wind of revelation whipped the cap of bewilderment right off his head. Karl understood something that had been veiled to him before. It was all about undercurrents and hydraulic pressure. The cold of the north might be a tyrant, but it had lessons to teach. In this day and age, with the war this far gone in favour of the enemy, it was not the time for bold public reckoning. It wasn't the time for berserker rage and blood in the streets of your own hometown. Not just yet. Not without consolidation, not without a way to swing the whole paradigm over, like the magnetic pendulum of a polar shift. Karl would love nothing more than to proudly bear the SS lightning bolts on every shirt and every jacket he owned. Not just to wear them, but to talk about them, to advertise. "Yes, this is the NAZI SS symbol, do you really KNOW anything about it? These men were the last Knights of Europe. They represented everything fair and noble and true in the character of the last men of the West. They were the warriors of the light. If they had won the war, the Europe of today would be a wonder-world of strength, achievement and beauty. They would have broken open

the door of human limitation. We would be walking the rainbow bridge on the way to becoming the Supermen of Asgard. We would not be a bunch of alienated alcoholic cowards playing out our hero fantasies on a Playstation. We would be having ten-children families with pure-hearted blonde Germanic Valkyries, not jerking off to inter-racial pornography and having pets instead of babies. We would not be living this hidden nightmare that arises from life with no purpose. We would have torn down the old churches to build temples to the Sun, we would have embraced our old Gods and then made a divinity of ourselves... These men weren't psychopathic murderers, they were the Soldiers of Silver, the best of everything refined in the Aryan Race. The richest cream of the hardiest crop. They were the white blood cells of a hale and healthy European giant. They were born and bred to destroy disease, to march against weakness, and crush all manifestations of malignancy and mutation. They were truly, beyond any doubt, the Sons of the Sun. Yes, these silver Sieg Runes, side by side, were the lightning bolts of the indisputable solar heroes who fought to immortalise a golden age too glorious for Planet Pettiness to bear."

So, despite all, the colossal momentum of their efforts had breached proud and triumphant, for those twelve resplendent years; sparkling with rebellious grandeur, like the hated white whale of Herman Melville's melancholy masterpiece, lumbering up, a pale mountain of defiant malice out of the Puritanical brine of the sea of Christian

crocodile tears, to finally ram the obscene bulk of the ship that carried their Jewish oppressors. In doing so they had hoped to sink it once and for all, to make the saga of Mankind worthwhile again in the telling. It was heartbreaking just how close they had come to bringing that ship down. Karl felt the familiar dagger of loss twisting in his guts. The highest hopes of the world's bravest nation had only lasted twelve short years. He slowed his breathing and listened intently. There was no room for the violin of despair. Moby Dick had survived Ahab's assault, just as National Socialism had survived that of the Jew. The legacy still swam on, with crooked jaw and a hump full of harpoons, just below the surface...the same way that the water of this river flowed secretly under this ice. It was clear to him now. He had to crystallise the volcanic torrent of his anger and freeze the turbulence of his rabid frustration. It was taking too much of his day-to-day energy. It made it hard to think like a strategist. This surplus negativity had to freeze around the holy channel of intent, like the scar tissue on the brow of the pale renegade whale. The flow of purpose, the guarantee of action and outcome, that was the momentum that had to survive at any cost. That would be the ram to finally sink the Hebrew slave-ship, if its own inherent rot didn't do so first.

Karl had to admit that, ideologically, on a common political level, the movement was beaten. It was fragmented beyond all repair, like a genius brain blown

out by a blast of schizophrenia. Men, no matter who they were, without even realising it, had been ruined by the Internet. The *World Wide Web* could not possibly be a better description. Billions of flies stuck in billions of sticky threads of distraction, dumbfounded, as the giant Hebrew spider sucked them dry. They withered by the day, drained of time, drained of focus. Karl had put the first line of Tolkien's famous riddle about time up on his laptop screen with label tape as a reminder of this. *This thing all things devours*. Maybe politics would work in the streets of the real world, but the truth was that most people lived in cyberspace now. Even if they still had to orbit through the natural world for errands and such, the vast majority of modern lemmings were like fish out of water until they got their eyes back onto the backlight of a computer screen.

For all practical purposes, the true Germanic passion for deeds had become a tombstone and a fossil. The eternal quest for the stars had been reduced to an 'Android app'. The high-blooded instinct for war was now played out by obese autists pushing buttons on a greasy game controller. There was an artificial and addictive new version of everything under the sun. The truth about the legacy of the Third Reich as the last hope of survival for the White Aryan Race would never rise from this bog of substitution as long as the men of Europe had their mental legs planted in its vacuous quicksand. Without a secret fire to dry out the mud, the whole world, it seemed, would soon sink into the slime of it. Karl dared to dream of what could be if he

could break loose from it. He was no stranger to sudden spasms of discipline. It would be like the shock of boot-camp. He could set a date. He could swear off of the computer to test his theory. He might suffocate and die from synaptic starvation or he might become ■ whole, undiluted Man. Suddenly, he was ablaze with excitement. He had pulled like a plough-ox through decades of adult-life feeling stunted, thwarted, neutered, and frustrated. So many years at sea, just waiting to get home, had created a phoenix inside of him, a blazing eagle bent on burning itself to ashes in the neon glow of any tavern that would serve him the fuel to start the fire. He had risen from that cycle again and again, a thousand times over, his Aryan spirit immortal and untarnished.

Now he was at the final frontier. He had probably spent tens of thousands of hours on a computer, training himself to swallow his own instincts, to bury himself alive in a never-ending orgiastic deluge of data. He had to admit it to himself. His Odinic thirst for knowledge was the lure that kept him on the hook. The truth was, Karl was drowning in a cyber-flood of Eurocentricity, and almost without realising it. His subconscious wish to somehow resurrect the Third Reich through computerised research and activism was sucking him down like the whirlpool in ■ fast-flushing toilet bowl.

It was hard to process. Karl felt like he had delicate roots ripping out of his mind. The swirl of the Swastika could

roll back time and it could also roll over enemies. And the tracks of a Tiger tank could tell you that. The beauty was, its lessons cut both ways. As easily as it could mesmerise with the might of the sun, so could its spinning cross warn of the spiral gravity gripping in the vortex at the centre of all obsession. If you put the Swastika in the spider's web, it somehow magnified the stickiness of the strands. It surged and became a sun so strong that it could turn you to stone. Karl understood the essential nature of his folly. He had known it for a long time. He had to unplug and make something happen in the real world. He had to get out of this small-minded, protective maelstrom of father's fury so he could plan the right kind of broad, effective action that would cure the disease instead of just treating the symptoms.

Now, after seeing the meteor, the bare head of his reason had a helm of spiritual armour. With this omen from the sky as his guerdon, he could symbolically *become* the shooting star and crash through the last obstacle holding him back from a hero's destiny. It might be the highest hurdle to jump, but however fierce the withdrawal turbulence might be, the hot atmospheric barrier of Internet addiction had to be overcome. Then, and only then, could he act with the right convergence of necessary concentration and cunning. There must be no more pressure-cooking his brain in a hailstorm of things that it didn't need to know! By Odin's beard and Hitler's voice... it felt good to unravel this net. It *had* been like a hailstorm.

His mind had been pelted and dented like a starship sailing an asteroid belt. It was so clear that the brain wasn't meant for anything even approaching such fragmentary overload.

Karl glowed with purpose. He felt like a man-made spear stuck in the heart of a symbolic dragon. No more combing the web to bring the avalanche of demoralising news stories down on his own head. He knew what he needed to know already. There was no more time to waste. The world would remain a rotten, abscessed tooth in the worm-eaten skull of the demon, Jehovah, until every last trace of Jewish 'DNA' could be incinerated and shot into the furthest reaches of outer space. Once every Judeo-Christian church on the planet was a pile of pea-sized rubble, then he could pick up a paper again and read the news. There was no room now for anything but strategy and action. Karl was only one man, but so had the same been true of Adolf Hitler. The secret was to make a colossus of many. Karl knew that they were out there, men like himself, men longing for the same unity, transformation, and catharsis. There had to be a way. Hitler's life had proved that point. There had to be a skeleton key somewhere out there that would unlock this conundrum of isolation and allow a chain of iron destinies to form that would pull tighter than Christ's crown of thorns to crush the skull of Zion!

This stroke of inspiration was so long overdue! It gave Karl a sense of peace he hadn't had since he was a child. He soared on the thermals of his own inner momentum. It felt like a coronation into the kingship of his own fate. For the first time in his forty years of life, Karl dared to dream of himself as a leader. The rusted locks in his psyche clicked open and he stepped out of the ironclad coffin of stress that had held him captive for so long. The weight of the past vanished like gravity relaxing its grip on an orbiting astronaut. The seething kettle of his rage, for the moment, had gone placid and calm. It was time to drop all of the excess baggage. He had nothing left to prove. Once and for all, Karl could shake off his shell-shock and give up on the old trench warfare. In the battles to come, the Blitzkrieg would reign supreme.

The image recurred to him, hanging in his thirsty mind like a bunch of grapes, with a taste as sweet as spring-water under a dripping beehive; the beauty of the frozen river with its blanket of snow and the water beneath the surface running too fast to freeze.

Karl was sprinting home through the snow, cheering the dogs. He couldn't wait to talk to his wife. If there was one person he could trust, it was her. After enduring so much of his gloom, she deserved to see the burning torch of his exuberance. Tonight was going to be his last night on the Internet, but he had one last net to fling. Already ■ new secret was growing in his mind, a dire new action and

purpose. He had glimpsed the perfect remedy for his frustration. He needed a long-term plan. The glory of it was that this plan was also going to be a king's feast for his hunger to play executioner and nemesis to the legion of his enemies.

Karl came into the boiler-room with an armload of fragrant birch. He stoked the fire and fed the dogs. His wife was there in her sewing room trying to make a wedding dress without any prior training as a seamstress. She looked frazzled but she had a stubborn streak which Karl admired. She wouldn't quit trying. It might be a dress only fit for the Bride of Frankenstein but she would puzzle her way through to the end.

"Honey, we're going to drive the Muslims out of Sweden and then we are going to become a family of secret Juden slayers." Karl said it flat out, with just a tease of melodrama in case she wasn't listening closely.

"What?" She looked amused. It was something he loved about her. What other woman on Earth could he say these kinds of things to? They had been up many nights pillow-talking about the subjectivity of the word 'Murder'. Modern politically-correct Sheeple just couldn't wrap their heads around it. Even the vast majority of National Socialists, who were supposed to understand and live by natural law, didn't get it. They were all obsessed with nobility. But the situation was past the negotiation stage. Political activism, riots in the streets, all of it was just a steam vent, an outlet to bypass the truth. Like violent

video games and the Vikings of the History Channel. All of these things were custom-made to keep *men* from *action*. You had to come out and say it: "*The earth is FULL of people that need KILLING.*" So sweet to say, so plain and simple. Karl wanted to write it a hundred times. You had to say it as ■ mantra until you came to believe it, because until you admitted that one golden beacon of truth then you were just trying to start a fire by rubbing wet sticks together.

"I have to apologise, bunny.", Karl said, his eyes full of affectionate empathy. "I've been an angry man. I've taken it out on you and the kids, sometimes without even realising it. You're right. It's true. This whole rotten post-World War II edifice of history and politics that I obsess over, it's been killing our family and wrecking my mood." Nika was beaming. Karl never admitted fault. "What has gotten into you," she said.

"I've been rotting from the inside out, honey. I've been so well-trained by these god-damned Jews that it makes my head spin. I'm one of the one percent who know the truth. I should be standing in the centre of cities giving speeches like Hitler. I should be fire-bombing 'Asylum' centres like it's a nine-to-five job. I should be in prison for conspiracy and hate speech, I should be propping up refugees on spears like your kinsman, Vlad the Impaler. We *KNOW* this is a war, an invasion, and even though we walk around with knives and swords, seething ■ secret murderous fire, at the end of the day we aren't *DOING* ■

god-damn thing about it. Because we *have children*. We are out of the fight, sidelined by the one factor that should make us the most savage of combatants!"

"All I do is walk the town at night with the dogs like some kind of ghost. My haunting is impotent. I burn all of my spiritual fuel wishing that I could kill this army of Zulu monkeys and bastardised desert cretins...but I can't. Or won't. I don't *think* it's because I'm a chickenshit..." He trailed off, dumbfounded by the echoing magnitude of his former sense of paralysis.

"No, baby, it's not that." She smiled warmly and took his hat off, kissing his lips. She tasted the salt of his runny nose on the hairs of his moustache. "You just don't want to throw yourself away lightly. You want to really make it count."

Karl nodded. "Fuck yes I want to make it count." In his mind he glimpsed the road back to Hyperborea, paved with powdered Jew skulls.

"I just want you to get away with it, bunny. Whatever you decide to do." His wife had such a gorgeous look when she was this earnest and childlike. "I want you to be able to fight the war without us losing you. Our boys need you. I need you. You have so much to teach them. They are so lucky that they won't have to spend half their lives trying to erase twenty years of brainwashing. They won't make the same mistakes we made. They will be clear. Their hearts will be certain."

Karl beamed at his wife. "I hope so.", he said.

For some reason he thought of Anders Breivik, the Norwegian 'mass-murderer' who killed seventy-seven of his perceived enemies in a ruthless bombing and shooting spree. They had just watched a documentary about him a few nights ago. Karl thought that Breivik had done ■ pretty damn fine job of things, tactically speaking. The shame was that he had unleashed his wrath upon his own people. Why hadn't he gone blasting through the No-Go zones in Oslo that looked as though a piece of Nigeria had been planted on Norwegian soil? *That* would have made the right statement. Alas, Breivik's choice of targets had been all wrong. Strangely, he hadn't even seemed to have planned a getaway. Why was it that these potential revolutionaries, the ones with the balls and the resolve to actually back their beliefs with blood, all seemed to wind up dead or in jail after just one 'mission'? It was as though they secretly longed for release from their own freedom to act. They needed death or prison. Their killing sprees were culminations of fury, that, of course, Karl could understand, but they were mostly done as a desperate grand finale at the apex of a nervous breakdown. It was pure amateur hour, like tipping the whole board over to win at ■ game of checkers. That was the trap. They were all so pissed off they couldn't think straight. They had to get themselves up over the tipping point of rage before they could finally *do something about it*.

These weren't acts of war, they were temper tantrums from people acting like exasperated children. There was

nothing of the soldier, of the true hero, in their acts. There was a pettiness, an amateurish disregard for the way that Otto Skorzeny, Léon Degrelle or Kurt Meyer might have done it. That said, could Karl do any better himself, though? It was a tantalising question. He wanted to think so.

Karl returned to the conversation. "You know I'm a pessimist about religion and spirituality even though I try to talk to the Gods everyday... don't you?" He looked searchingly at his wife.

"Yes, bunny, I do. You're a tough nut to crack." He could tell that she didn't mean it in a hurtful way, even though over the years he had been brutally dismissive of her old collegiate interest in Jungian ideas. Karl had always painted the entire psychoanalytic world with the same hated Hebraic brush.

"I am. I know that... I wish I wasn't." He fidgeted a second and went on. "I *prayed* tonight to Odin for basically everything you're asking for. For a chance to fight the war as a one-man army if I have to, and to get away with it like a bandit. I've sacrificed my life already. My friends and family have all written me off as a Nazi nut-case. I was just out there in the woods praying out of frustration, out of fear...I almost lost it tonight on a pack of niggers on the road by the park. I had my knife in my hand without even realising it..."

Karl's wife gasped, "I'm so glad you didn't." In her mind's eye she saw herself half-dead from loneliness,

trying to single-handedly raise their sons as they all counted the long years of his prison sentence. It was more than she could bear to imagine. She had a resilience, a toughness, but when it came down to it, she was still just a woman and her heart's radiance wore a crown of almost crystalline sensitivity.

"I saw a shooting star. Right at the climax of my prayer. I hate using that word, prayer, but that's what it was I guess. Anyway, it was unbelievable. A meteorite so bright that I can still see the after-image of it. If I close my eyes it's still there. It was like ■ sword of light, slicing straight through all the bullshit."

"Sounds incredible, baby... I'm jealous. You know I've never seen one before... It sounds like an amazing experience."

"It's a flare of war, honey, it's time for Heimdall to blow his horn. This is Ragnarök. There's not a doubt in my mind... A type of slow-motion, silent-film version of Ragnarök. It was supposed to be fire giants, but it's just a giant population from the land of fire. Loki's army has come on the Naglfar, the ship made of dead men's fingernails. You know what that makes me think of?"

"What?", she responded.

"Long uncut fingernails are just a sign of neglect. You see them on drunks, dopers, guys who spend their lives on World of Warcraft. The ship of the fire giants came on a ship of neglect, a boat of carelessness. It was the Aryan

men who were entrusted to guard this continent. Instead they became drunks and computer-game junkies and let the Jew octopus crawl up out of the mire unopposed. You get what I mean?" Karl's eyes flashed with sincerity.

"It's eerie.", she said. "It sent shivers down my spine as you were drawing the analogy. I think you're right."

"I'm going to pull myself out of the World Wide Web, Nika. I'm going to stop treating this war like a spectator sport. I can't spend my evenings on the computer nursing my hate as though it's some kind of mutated, legless wolverine with a bottomless appetite. I can't do it anymore. It is time to DO something. I've got to try to reform the SS." Karl tasted the words. His scalp tingled.

"I mean truly. Not some hipster ghost-brigade of part-time street thugs. Not some 'flash mob' of guys in black hooded sweatshirts beating up a few foreigners at the train station when the mood is right. I mean the proper Pan-European order of Hyperborean death-knights sworn to the eternal service of Adolf Hitler. Men like eagles, human hammers, sworn to steel and secrecy, adhering to military codes, dispensing cold-hearted Aryan justice under the old black lightning-banner of Wewelsburg castle. We'll rekindle the old solar bonfires of victory or we'll die in the trying. With the North Star as our witness, we'll cleanse this filth from the fair forests of Ultima Thule."

"Sounds like it might make a juicy book that no-one will read." Sometimes she was brutally honest at the strangest moments. It stung, but Karl admired it.

"It's not going to be a book, bunny. That's the point. We can't win a war with words. I'm suffocating on words. I want to cut out my tongue and mount rifle barrels where my arms used to be." Karl smiled, disarming the tripwire of his exasperation. "I'm swearing a sacred oath to the sun. No computer for a year. If there is a single Muslim maggot left here in Norrland when the snow melts next year then, god-damn it, I'm going to convert to Judaism, move to Canada, and become a faggot!"

Nika doubled over in a fit of laughter. "Don't joke like that, Karl. Yuck!" Nika wrinkled her nose in disgust. "Whatever you do, you can't disconnect the Internet or I'll revolt! What are you going to do with your nights instead? Isn't this all a little drastic?"

"I'm going to follow my favourite words from Commander George Lincoln Rockwell. I'm going to become a fanatic, honey. I'm going to awaken the birds of prey. I'm going to sharpen my claws and sink them into the very eyeballs of inertia. Then I'm going to flap my wings until they either break or I get something worthy off the ground." Karl pounded a fist on the bookshelf for emphasis.

"I adore your seriousness, darling. If you could clone yourself somehow and make an army out of yous, then I'd hate to be ■ Muslim, nigger or Jew within ■ thousand miles of here. But you can't. The men here seem stern but dead somehow. They don't want to do anything that doesn't involve alcohol." Nika sipped her tea. "I think you're

being a little unrealistic, Karl."

"Maybe I am setting my sights a bit high. I guess we *are* talking about the only country besides Spain that stayed neutral in the war." Karl mulled this over in his mind as he pulled a toothpick from his pocket to chew on.

"Their society creates clones, baby. Every house in this country is the same colour. How many birds of prey are you going to find in this sparrow's nest? These Swedes aren't the Vikings that you've always romanticised them to be." Nika flipped the foot of the sewing machine up and cut the thread. "Once I surge the hem then I can try it on."

"I think you're mistaken. They're not all Volvo-Vikings. You're making your impressions based on what you see when you go to ICA to go shopping." A hard edge crept into Karl's voice. "This is an incredibly hostile landscape. It has forced politeness onto them by necessity. The tribalism born out of this savage, killing cold must be why they seem so monotonous to us. You know what I mean? The colour of the houses is something you can count on. It's like wolves snuggling together in a den to stay warm."

"That's a nice thought." Nika smiled. "Speaking of snuggles, would you mind turning up the thermostat?"

The Saga of Hailstorm



Karl thumbed the plastic wheel up to the twenty mark. He was going to have to bring more wood in. The windmill of his mind continued turning. "It's beautiful if you really think about it. If you really let it soak in. Their

similarity makes life simple. It frees them up for other things. The joy of community is the jewel of the North. These people are veterans of the never-ending war against the Polar Skull. They are survivors. The monotony of their egalitarian facade must be hiding some hidden strength that we can only guess at."

"I see what you're saying, bunny." She stood up and dropped the dress down to check the hem length. "Maybe you're right. I guess they do paint their houses almost exclusively the colour of blood."

"Muah Ha Ha!" Karl took a crack at a Dracula imitation. Nika giggled and crossed the room to kiss him. Their lips parted and Karl spoke. "That's a great observation to ponder. The blood colour. I'm jealous I didn't think of it myself. We can't underestimate the iron in these peoples' bones. Under the ice of what looks like apathy to us, the river of their pride must run cold and strong. I think that Sweden has more *Eagles* in it than we could ever believe."

"Let's hope they're *Blood Eagles*." Nika said it in a low tone, full of resonance. The horrific ritualistic Viking-age execution method had been vividly re-enacted in an episode of a television show that she had watched recently. She shivered. "How are you going to break the ice, Karl? How do you get them to trust you?"

"That's the axis of it all, isn't it?" Karl chewed his toothpick as he considered her question. "Every wheel on the chariot of war turns on an axle of trust. Breaking ice is harder than splitting stone, but I spent years up in Alaska

on an icebreaker, watching it happen, so I just might be the man for the job. I understand that it requires a Herculean force honed down and focused on the point of a needle. I'm going to have to do something bold. Something drastic. I might be getting ahead of myself envisioning a sea of black helmets amassed at some new Nuremberg of the North, but it's something to aspire towards. It feeds me. Although I'm imagining something far in the future, something monolithic and ironclad, something as radical as the resurrection of the *Leibstandarte* itself; to start out, I'd be happy just to scrape together a rag-tag impostor of the *Dirlewanger Brigade*."

"Honey! You know what that sounds like to me? De Bli Blah... I don't know anything about those German names." Nika pressed the pedal on her sewing machine again. "What does it mean?", she asked.

"It means I'm desperate." Karl sighed. "The *Dirlewanger Brigade* was a rag-tag band of cut-throats, criminals and mad-men recruited out of prisons to serve as a penal battalion for the SS. They were expendable terror-troops used as bogeymen against the partisan civilian populations of the occupied east. They were moral castaways. Garbage men used to do the work too dirty and demoralising for those soldiers who considered themselves noble, upright and honourable. That's the position we're stuck in now. We've got to take out the trash. This battle for modern Europe, at least the first phase of it, in all likelihood, won't have ■ shred of nobility in it. It's going to be an insidious

massacre that will probably sicken and spiritually cripple most of the men involved in it. It's going to be like the cultural equivalent of chemotherapy. I'd probably be a hundred times better off, actually, if I followed Dirlewanger's protocol, but I'd rather not have to go to prison to do my recruiting. Kind of defeats the purpose, wouldn't you say?"

His wife frowned. "So where are you going to find these 'Eagles', then, Karl? We can barely order hot dogs in this country. We're complete shut-ins."

Karl laughed. It was a little embarrassing. "I'll admit that our Swedish lessons have suffered piss-poor attendance since we got here. First it was jet-lag, then it was culture shock, now I'm just blaming it on the kids."

He walked to the kitchen window and looked out at yet another dark, gangrel group of humanoid silhouettes loping down the road. There was no mistaking that characteristic African gait. The inner scream for a machine-gun ripped momentarily through the curtain of his new-found calm.

"But from now on there aren't going to be any more excuses. We are here in the North to stay, bunny, and we better start acting like it." Karl turned from the window. He was gritting his teeth again. "Give me your laptop, would you, please, honey? We'll do a quick Swedish lesson and then I've got some last-minute eagle-hunting to do before I come completely down to earth from my long

sojourn in cyberspace."

The Rune of the Teutonic sky-god marked the last website that Karl visited before pulling himself free from the spider-silk of the virtual matrix. It was just before midnight when he finished filling out the contact form to apply for membership in the Nordic Resistance Movement. His letter was brief and pointed, as a fisherman's hook should be.

"Greetings, comrades. I hope you do not mind me writing this application in English. I must confess that my Swedish is not sufficient to address this matter of utmost importance. I am an American seaman with a National Socialist background. I have been living in Sweden for about six months and I have seen the danger that the Folk here face first-hand. Please have someone contact me. I am not Scandinavian by blood but I have a love for this land that will make me a formidable weapon in the struggle you face. I will do whatever it takes to get these invaders out. I have chosen your war as my war. There is no heart that sings the refrain of your Nordic anthem with more loyalty than mine. Yes, I too want to live and I want to die in the North.

As a badge of my sincerity, I would like to donate five-thousand crowns to the war-chest of the organisation. If it suits your sensibilities, it would please me to be able to give this contribution to a comrade in the flesh who I can look in the eye and shake hands with. I have included my mobile phone number as the preferred method of contact. Until then, I will look forward to your call with fire and fury. May the Folk hold fast

until the day our swords rise from the rust.

*Hell Seger,
Karl Delling*

Karl gazed at the letter, scanning for mistakes. It felt complete. He stood at the top of this monumental midnight like a man on an Olympic diving tower. With ■ deep breath to steady himself, Karl clicked the 'Submit Form' button and waited for confirmation. A short message came up on the screen to both thank him for his interest and guarantee a prompt response.

This was it. Karl looked up at the collage of photographs on his office wall. An illustration of a man holding a radiant silver hammer up to the sun caught his eye. It was just beneath the *Der Bannerträger* painting of Hitler wearing armour-plate on horseback. It was time to bring the hammer down. It was time to break the ice, plunge through the hole, and crush all obstacles. Karl savoured the poise of his eagle-stance at the lip of this lofty decision. His eyes fell on the label tape that ran across the top of his screen. *This thing all things devours.*

"Not me. Not anymore.", Karl said in triumph. With that, he flipped the screen down and took the laptop to its new home in the attic.

Karl finished the call with a high-spirited chuckle. He closed his old, battered flip-phone and gazed out of the

second-storey window of his boys' bedroom. He could see the steam from the dryer vents billowing from the roof of the asylum complex across town. The building loomed with ■ blank, stupefying aura of menace. Karl had purposely moved his boys into this room to keep the urgency in his perspective of the threat. The brick building was ■ constant reminder, like pain from a rotting tooth. It stood there, a kind of biological munitions factory built just behind enemy lines. Looking at it never failed to furrow his brow, but today, after finally talking to a Swede whose arrows of thought rested firmly in the quiver of racial realism, the scowl wasn't quite so pronounced. Karl slipped the phone back into his pocket as his imagination wandered. In his mind he turned the laundry steam into columns of wrathful smoke.

Nika trudged up the stairs with a basket of laundry. Her eyes were alight and her skin was luminous. She loved holidays with the zeal of a child. It had taken her most of the morning to get the eggs dyed and decorated. Downstairs, on the oaken table, the Ostara baskets were stuffed with evergreen boughs and the unmistakable bright metallic colour of miniature chocolate rabbits. All was ready and the boys were chirping through the hallway in anticipation of the coming hunt.

"Well? *What did they say?*" Nika's curious enthusiasm dripped from her voice like maple syrup from a warm, buttered pancake.

Karl blinked. It took a moment to tear his attention away

from his vivid, ongoing arson fantasy. He had the strangest nagging feeling that it wasn't so much a daydream as it was a *memory* of something that just hadn't happened yet. The prospect of the burning building, despite being an imaginary dalliance into the realm of wishful thinking, brought a broad smile to his face. Farmers, for ages past, had probably had similar fantasies about stumps or boulders in an otherwise perfectly tilled field.

"His name was Gustav. I liked the guy. His English was pretty good. He was on a break between some computer-animation classes he's taking so we didn't get to talk much, but I invited him to bring a comrade or two over for lunch next weekend.", Karl said, turning away from the window.

"That's exciting, bunny! We're going to have someone other than these rascals to talk to!" Her desperation for meaningful adult conversation emanated off of her like heat from a blast furnace. "I can make them some of the moose-meat in cream sauce meal that you like so much."

Karl's stomach sang at the thought. He stretched his arms overhead and the monochrome silk-screened image of Rudolf Hess on the front of his T-shirt cracked along well-worn fault lines forged out of hard use and affectionate over-washing. The face of the martyred Deputy Führer seemed like a super-magnet for peanut butter fingerprints or drips and drops of lingonberry jam. "You've got to make those potatoes with it, the ones that

go so good with the jelly on top. If a few plates of that stuff don't win these guys into our favour, then nothing will."

"Aw, bunny. You really think it's that good?" She blushed a little and twisted one of the wavy serpents of her blonde hair. Her ample breasts heaved with the labour of her breathing from climbing the staircase. A pang of the virile instinct went through Karl's body like a low grumble of thunder.

"I sure do." Karl's eyes twinkled true. "Now you had better get downstairs and get the kids bundled up for their hunt before this horny bull moose gets your giddy little goose." Nika giggled and ran for the stairs but Karl's nimble fingers pinched her bottom before she could get out of reach. Her involuntary shriek brought an excited chorus of boyish screams from the front hall where the children were waiting. Karl clomped down the stairs in his boots, eager to get out into the sun.

Upon their return, Sigi and Erik held tight to the vibrant yellow baskets that overflowed with the promise of Ostara's bounty. They gloated proudly, standing like guardians of some great Asgardian treasure. Today had been their first brush with the legendary Easter bunny. The kaleidoscopic colour-trail of eggs had led through the snow like a path of miracles. Each new egg brought a cascade of delight and a thunderclap of achievement. The boys were nearly paralysed with the indecision that came with the question of what to eat first. Their first egg hunt had taken them down the same nature trail that ran

through the now-holy patch of forest where Karl had seen the Meteor a few weeks prior. The family had returned radiant and happy. They now gathered in the back yard for the zenith of their Ostara celebration. The sun blazed on the snow in a way that made a man feel immortal, but caused the children to squint and complain.

"Close one eye like Odin, boys. Let the other eye rest. Then you can switch." Karl had demonstrated closing one eye, then the other. He shared a laugh with his wife as they watched their boys wrestling to control their facial muscles.

"Daddy, if you shoot the sun, is it going to make fire bleed out?" Sigi looked concerned. Karl had stretched his bowstring to limber up his shoulder for the ceremonial shot.

"My arrow can't hurt the sun, boy. I'm going to shoot to *salute* the sun." Karl had gathered the family behind the house for a Spring ritual of his own inspired invention. The old steel wheelbarrow was full of split wood, birch bark, and dry pine-boughs that Karl had cut from their withered Yule tree. Atop the pile was an old moose-skull with mossy yellow antlers that he had found in the forest. A nick on Karl's trigger finger from his hunting knife had supplied the blood for the Runes of renewal which he and Nika had painted on the skull.

"What's sal-oot, Daddy?", Erik asked, still trying to decide which eye to squint.

"It's a sign of reverence, boy. You know when you see the Germans put their arms up in the sky to show their love for Hitler?" Erik nodded. "That's a salute, buddy. We're going to make this fire so that we can break the grip of Winter and show the sun how to melt the snow. I'm going to salute the sun with my arrow to make sure it is awake and ready to fight so that Summer can come! Aren't you ready to run naked through the grass and flowers? Don't you want to jump through the sprinkler and make rainbows with the hose?"

Erik had already dropped the subject and moved on to licking his glove. The thumb of his right mitten was covered in cocoa-ice left over from his chocolate bunny. Runa, their female shepherd, seemed excited by the idea of grass and flowers, though. She barked and fixed her eager eyes on Karl, tail wagging in agreement. Karl grinned as he raised his German-made longbow, thinking wistfully of the endless golden June which they had all shared the previous year together before the 'refugees' really started crawling out of the woodwork. Even though, on windless days, the mosquitoes were veritable buzzing clouds of blood-lust, nearly capable of blotting out the sun, nothing could tarnish the memory of that gleaming solar stronghold of their first Nordic Summer together. Karl wished for many more just like it before he nodded to Nika to drop the match. As she scraped it along the textured surface of the box, he let his arrow fly.

The pile of diesel-soaked birch roared to life. Nika's

beautiful blue eyes opened wide in surprise as she backed away from the wheelbarrow. The flames engulfed the moose-skull and licked at the dry runic paint-crust of Karl's blood. A mule-kick of emotion hit him like a hammer in the chest. It was going to be hard to have to leave again, even if it wouldn't likely be for very long. He hadn't said anything to Nika or the boys yet, but he had decided to do one last short trip at sea. A phone call from the Union dispatch service had put an enigmatic dream Karl had had into perfect prophetic focus. It was the chance of a lifetime. If he was just bold enough to pull off the ruse, he might never need to serve again as an industrial slave on the prison of the sea.

It had been a few nights after the Meteor. Karl had gone to sleep earlier than usual after a hard-charging afternoon of doing laps on the cross-country skiing trail. The dark ocean of his repose had given way to a hideous nightmare in which he had been swimming in a bottomless black obsidian ocean full of ebony-skinned sharks bedecked with razor-sharp rows of gold-plated teeth. Karl swam on in horror as a storm of stinking garbage and rotten bananas came falling out of the sky to pelt his back and beat his weary head down into the drowning grip of the inky depths. Then the shark-bites had started, and his screams, which had been loud enough in the bedroom to send his poor wife running for the light-switch, went bubbling into the hush of the watery under-dark. At that

moment, just before his wife had awoken him, Karl had felt a huge hand pull him like a puppy out of the maw of danger. Karl had looked up and seen a regal, blonde giant with a blood-stained rock embedded in the broad plain of his forehead. The giant had opened his mouth to speak then, but only a flood of golden coins had come rushing out where the words should have been.

Karl, as he usually did, had forgotten the dream by the next morning, but the phone call the next day from his marine dispatcher revived it. He had been dead-set against taking the call; they still had enough in their savings to see the family through another three or four months if they were reasonably frugal. Then, without being able to say why, he had flipped the phone open and answered it.

"You want a two-month hitch on the Hydro Train, Karl? It's not until the first week in May but we're having a hard time filling the slot. Too many guys with expired rigger's tickets." The dispatcher oozed an aura of fake friendliness. Karl suddenly hated himself for answering the call.

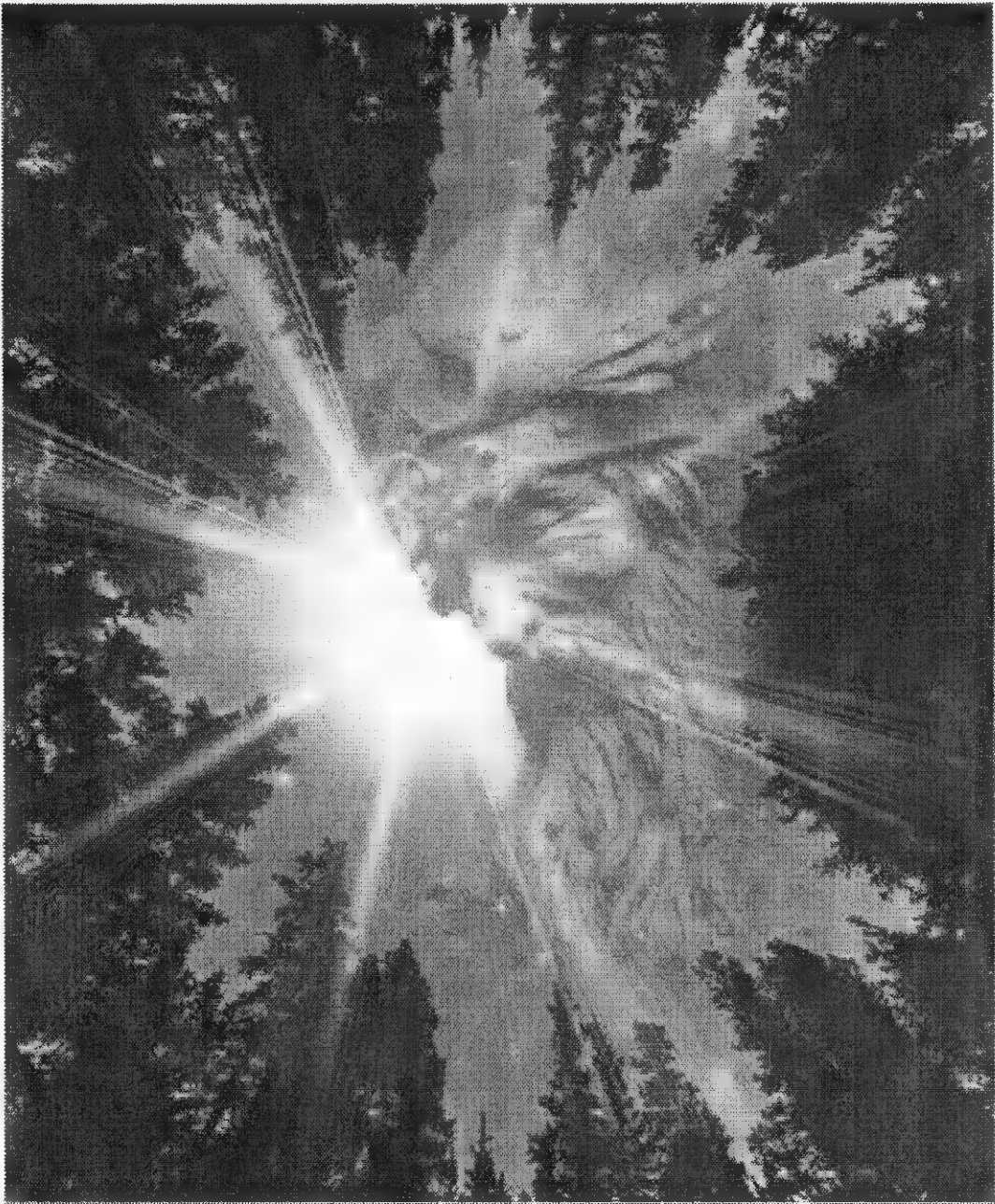
"Man, I've still got accrued time-off galore. Why don't you just send a local guy to rigging class beforehand?" Karl tried to lay it down solid like heavy iron rail-road tracks.

"We already tried that route. The classes are full-up, booked until June or July. Listen, Karl, let's cut the shit. The port captain authorised me to offer you four-hundred a day plus double the ATO. The boat is a nice riding tug,

one of the older Invader-Class boats. She just finished up with sea trials after a major refit. Satellite TV in all the rooms. Didn't you do a few hitches on the Goliath before? A few years ago maybe? Back before...?"

Karl had stopped listening. The name of the vessel echoed like an artillery shell through the command post in his mind. He went quiet, thinking, trying to figure out why. It was like an amnesia cocktail garnished with the shavings of zest from the fruit of déjà-vu. Then, in a mnemonic lightning flash, he remembered the dream. Goliath! The same towering titan of antiquarian Anti-Semitism that had saved him in his dream. Karl loathed anything that reminded him of the childhood Bible lessons that he had been forced to endure, but this giant pagan Philistine, this blonde nemesis of the ancient Hebrews, he couldn't be all bad. In fact, Karl recalled with a grin, he had enjoyed rooting for him in his fight against David in the puppet shows that he had been forced to watch in Sunday school. It was strange to think of. In the eye of his mind, Karl saw the noble Hyperborean giant yawn again like a slot-machine paying out a kingly jackpot. Before he could stop himself or consider it further, his lips had already spoken into the phone.

The Saga of Hailstorm



“Alright, what the hell, man. I’ll take it. Make sure you send the terms over in writing before they book my travel. Make sure you’re not bullshitting about the day-rate and the extra time off.” Shortly after hanging up, Karl recalled

a snippet of conversation that he had had with one of the Goliath's engineers on a trip they had taken out to one of the Air Force atolls west of Hawaii. It had been about a section of the rear upper-deck. As Karl remembered, the engineer had been complaining that the new rescue-boat winch was going to make it impossible to put up handrails on the starboard aft upper control deck.

"It's gonna be a liability nightmare, Karl. All these dumb bastards have to do is remount the FRC on the other side and shift the aft control station from port to starboard." He could almost remember it verbatim. The stench of this engineer's chewing tobacco, the wild unruly hair sticking out of his ears, he had been one of those characters who was hard to forget. A Norwegian, wasn't he? Vietnam vet? Karl chuckled to himself as he remembered the man's virulent venom-spewing hatred for the pioneering television dyke, Ellen DeGeneres. Karl remembered that the old man had said, in a fit of conservative disgust at the galley table, that her pussy probably looked like some damned oyster that somebody had stepped on. The whole crew had laughed themselves to tears. What was his name? Karl couldn't recall. The old salt had been as strong as some kind of mutant sea-ogre. Most grown men wrestled with the eye of wet towing hawser like a soggy alligator, but that old square-head used to fling it around like a whip.

"If somebody falls off that deck, Karl, they'll be able to sue the company straight into the god-damn scrapyard.

You can mark my words on that." Karl felt the hairs on the back of his neck stand up as the memory replayed itself. What better way to fund his secret army into existence! What better way to free up his time and mental energy so he could devote himself utterly in order for this cosmic struggle of light to prevail against the darkness! No-one else was going to materialise out of thin air to do the fighting for him. Karl had been in the movement long enough to know, beyond a shadow of all doubt, that the only solar saviour gleaming on a white horse was going to have to be himself.

So he had made the decision, or, rather, the decision had made itself. It would only take a few days if his resolve didn't waver. He would surge into a whirlwind of research on head injuries, then ship out, and then fake a fall. It was worth a try. These corporate shipping companies used men up like cheap spare parts and spat them out haggard, broken, and useless. It would only be serving the scales of justice to exploit them to the furthest limits of the 'law' as fortune decreed it.

Karl watched the flames lick the sky. All fire needed fuel. There was no use moralising about it. One look down at his boys and his heart pushed through the last bit of hesitation like a bulldozer. A man only got one chance. A warrior had to be a historical thinker. He had to look four or five generations ahead. The way things stood now, there was nothing left of that far-flung future which his

descendants would inhabit. Karl had seen the truth of it in his nightmare; a sea of black poison filled with ebony sharks and storms of garbage.

In the death struggle to come, some rules were going to have to be broken. Some stains on the honour would likely result. In an ideal world, where things were in balance, in a kingdom based on merit, Karl was certain that he would have shined like a statue of silver. He knew he could cast the sounding-stone of truth into the depths of his soul and it would not touch bottom. There was no taint of fundamental corruption or dishonesty in his soul. This world slandered its real heroes as criminals and praised its delinquents as demi-gods. Karl had to remember that. He had to do whatever it would take to win. His was the royal cunning of the wolf against the slime of the reptile. The thought consoled him. He bent to one knee and hugged his boys close.

"Karl, why does it smell so bad? Where's all the smoke coming from?" Nika was pinching her nose and backing into the woodshed. The wheelbarrow had become so hot that the paint on the underside was cooking off.

"Alright, boys! It's time to melt the Winter! Here I go!" Karl doffed his wood-splitting gloves and ran instinctively to grab the wooden handles of the wheelbarrow. The wall of blistering heat made him shrink back like a shadow caught in a flare. His eyes watered. He held his breath against the smoke and lifted the rear whilst pushing forward through the slush of snow that now puddled

around their make-shift sacrificial cart. Thankfully, the front wheel was still holding air, although Karl could smell the rubber burning. He ran the cart, ■ wild, bouncing showcase of blazing chaos, towards the foundation of the rock wall which they had begun as a family back before the snow had started to fall.

In an out-of-the-way corner, Karl heaved up on the hot wooden handles and spilled the fire into the snow. He could sense his boys watching and recording the spectacle in the immortal vaults of their young minds. "Baldur blaze bright! No more Winter! No more night! We are the warriors of the light!" Karl's exuberant bellow seemed to echo off the silver clouds. He imagined how his boys might recall this day once they had grown to be men. Their eyes were wide and their cheeks were pink, but Nika was frowning and coughing near the arch of the woodshed door.

Karl laughed, shrugging his shoulders. "Sorry baby...I guess I let it burn too long." He would have to make a wooden cart next year, something that would burn clean. Karl turned to watch as Erik came running with one of his tiny plastic Viking figurines.

"Row, der see my faders!" Erik mimicked the Viking prayer from *The 13th Warrior*. Karl joined in with Erik's chant as Sigi scrambled to find something else suitable to send to Valhalla. Nika's voice came harmonious and feminine, intermingling from behind like braided notes of a Valkyrie hymn. Karl felt their little family locked

together like links in an unbreakable chain.

"Lo, there do I see my mothers, my sisters and my brothers. Lo, there do I see the line of my people back to the beginning! Lo, they bid me..." Erik couldn't wait any longer. He tossed the figurine into the embers and squatted down to watch him melt. Karl leaned against the large birch that sheltered the workshop, marvelling at his son's sacrifice. It was the harbinger of what Karl hoped was going to be a good Spring. Good or bad, though, it was definitely sizing up to be an interesting one.

"Who's hungry?" Nika asked. She loved nothing more than seeing her family eat. Every bit of counter space in the kitchen was covered with the baking tins of her latest industrial-scale culinary storm. A whole fleet of desserts awaited the completion of the customary spring lamb dish like an armada bottlenecked at the mouth of the holiday's harbour.

"You read my mind, baby.", Karl said. "Let's go plough into the feast."

"Do you really think it's going to work, Karl?" Nika grasped her forearm with a grimace as she rubbed at it. Her bowstring had snapped an angry red welt on her skin through the fabric of her coat. They hadn't been shooting long and it was easy to forget to bend the bow arm. Through the long south-facing bay window they could see the boys, stripped down to their diapers, dancing in circles to Beethoven's 9th.

Karl raised his canted bow and drew back, pinching his

shoulder blades together as he tried to focus on getting a smooth and consistent release. A life-sized printed colour photograph of George Soros was tacked with sewing pins to the Styrofoam archery target at the end of the driveway. So far no-one had slain him yet. Nika had pierced one of his diabolical earlobes and Karl had put a part in his hair, but the killing shot had not yet left the string. Karl released and the air hissed. The thwock of the shaft hitting home punctuated the silence. A little high and to the right.

"I don't know for certain, bunny. As long as they don't have cameras on deck and I do a convincing acting job right after the accident then, from what I have read, it is nearly impossible to *disprove* most head injury symptoms. As long as I'm consistent and complain of considerable impairment, then they should have to pay a fairly handsome sum of money to settle and get me off their books. It will cost them far more to counter my court appeals in the long run." Karl nocked another arrow, drew and fired. Another satisfying thwock followed the shot, which buried itself six inches deep in Soros' wrinkled bullfrog jowls. It was better than a clean miss but still just a flesh wound.

"Oh! Close!" Nika tossed her hair, drew her bow and made sure to bend her forearm. She had nice form for a beginner. She was instinctive. She didn't waver, didn't take too much time to aim or second-guess herself. She released her slender arrow and the shot drilled through the Jewish demon's other earlobe.

"Damn it!", she exclaimed, already reaching for a new arrow. Her competitive spirit ran hot. She hated to lose in general, but losing to her husband at anything other than the race to wash the dishes flustered her to the point that her skin broke out in splotches of bright pink volcanic rosacea. It was endearing to Karl, some last vestigial remnant of the man-hating feminism that had been crammed down her throat at the University of Essex years prior.

Karl mimed an air of haughtiness and pushed her bow down out of the way. He drew an arrow, a steel-jacketed heavy hunting arrow with fletchings colour-coded to match the Nazi armband he wore over the sleeve of his woollen shirt. There was no-one around to gasp or grumble about it, that was the beauty of life without neighbours. "The part that bothers me is that I'm going to have to bombard my body with radiation from all of the CT scans that I'll have to take when they airlift me to the hospital." Karl took a deep breath and drew all the way back to the knot of his jawbone.

"Kiss your ass goodbye, you Satanic old squid." Karl loosed the arrow and watched with an assured satisfaction as the dark streak plunged into Soros' right paper eye socket. The pleasure he got bordered on bliss. If only it could be that easy. It would take millions more arrows, at the absolute minimum, sent on an identical lethal trajectory, to cure the world's Jewish problem. Now this was a prospect to excite the volunteer spirit. Karl could be

a civic-minded man after all, deep below the feral pelt of his lone-wolf exterior. He would be happy to draw the bow until his tendons and tissues snapped like guitar strings if he could only stand before that long line-up of Jehovah's pathogenic parasitical sycophants. They were all in desperate need for a similar ocular surgery. As far as Karl was concerned that was the only way that there was ever going to be hope of having a free and just world again.

"Honey, I don't want you to die." Nika looked deflated. So far the score was two to zero. Karl had 'killed' the photographs of Angela Merkel and Barack Obama first too. The stakes were high today. The loser would be folding a pile of laundry in the spare bedroom that would be better described as a wardrobe avalanche.

"You're such a sweetheart, my love." Karl hugged her close and pulled an arrow from her quiver for her. "There's no need to worry. I'm too damn tough to die." He gave her a roughshod smile. "I've proved that a thousand times over. I'm just worried that the radiation could affect my fertility. You're still two children short of getting your first Mother's Cross."

Nika was suddenly glowing. It was a phenomenon Karl liked to call her 'fairy lights'. She took the arrow from his hand and looked up at him, her lips glossy and full, her cheeks pink from the late afternoon chill. Her blue eyes were full of ethereal golden sparks reflected from the

setting sun. Karl shivered. If he didn't know better he would have sworn that the goddess Skadi herself had just skied down from the slopes of Jotunheim for an archery lesson.

"Soon it will only be one." Nika's lips parted to reveal a smile that any man might kill to possess. It was a showcase of succulence and serenity. The radiance of her health shone like a solar flare. Her teeth were a polished ivory blaze of trust and beauty. Karl could see her spirit twirling inside her like a ballerina on ice-skates, spinning around the axis of her spine. The gods seemed to gather in the sky around them. She was pregnant again! Karl surged into her like a storm wave and swept her up off the snow with her legs crushed in an exuberant bear hug. His laughter rose unbidden, a buoyant geyser of virile pride and joy. The news made him feel as impetuous as a snorting stallion.

Karl spun his wife in celebratory circles above him. Her hair was aflame with lilac embers and the sky was awash in solar wine. Her eyes were wide with the glory of fulfilment and she trembled, swayed by a touch of fear of being dropped in the snow. Karl felt as if their whole life had only just begun. A repetitive tap on the window jerked him from the single-pointed focus of his divine reverie. He looked over at the boys who, inside the warm house, had pressed their faces to the glass to get their attention. They were wearing their swimming goggles and they held their arms out like aircraft wings. You could set your watch by

their reminders. It was time to go and play Stukas. Karl lowered Nika to the snow and hung his bow on a wooden peg protruding off the porch beam. No pilot of his junior Luftwaffe should ever have to linger long on the runway of life.

That night Karl sat content in his recliner. He had pulled it close to the wood-burning stove. Panzer and Runa slept at his feet. The heat on their fur and the scent of their lolling tongues made the lounge smell like a hot wolf den. The boys were still up chattering in their room and his wife was ensconced in a luxuriant bath. Karl watched the flames flicker behind the glass of the stove window. Wood was such an amazing element. The way that it stored the power and heat of the sun made Karl remember his anger. The kind of happiness he felt tonight made it hard to change channels but it had to be done. Knowing his wife was pregnant again made matters that much more dire. The future which that child would inhabit was entirely dependent upon his bravery. To unlock that inner fire of courage, he would have to create a hot enough spark. The *genesis* of flame was the greatest primordial challenge of man. Once you got the fire going, the rest was easy by comparison.

Karl drifted back to his conversation with Gustav. There had been some undeniable ore of honour buried into the bedrock of the Swede's voice. Karl was normally as cautious with people as an endangered snow leopard, but

his short talk with Gustav had felt like pieces of a magnetic puzzle coming together. Karl had sensed the man's quality and no matter how much he tried to explain it away as wishful thinking, he somehow *knew* he could trust Gustav, even though they had yet to meet.

Karl whispered the word to himself. "*Trust*". His eyes bored into the flames and he pulled at his beard like a wizard. It would be hard to wait another week.

He had offered the money to the Resistance as a seal of sincerity. The speed with which he had received a written reply proved how well the gesture had worked. People respected sacrifice as the ultimate indicator of ethical virtue. Karl knew it. A man had to bring something to the table. That was the secret of the Christians' success. The meek became ten times stronger than the Strong themselves when they stacked their collective pennies in the Sunday collection plate.

In America Karl had noticed in deep dismay that the National Socialist movement was plagued with penny-pinchers. Everyone expected something for nothing. People spent more time calling each other Jews for the crime of being a profiteer than they did doing much of anything else. Karl had tried selling hand-crafted stained-glass window shields, as big as a grown man's torso, of the Nuremberg Nazi eagle but hadn't sold a single solitary panel. Not only had the magnificent art been scorned because of price, but also, Karl was certain, out of

pettiness. The average mentality of the garden variety White Nationalist in the U.S. seemed to resent *anything* that had so much as a whiff of prosperity or class attached to it.

Because the Jews were the undisputed marionette-masters of money, the white racialists tended to seem almost *allergic* to the idea of using money as an extension of will and power. This allergy was the Achilles Heel of the last potential defenders of the West. Despite all of the risks involved, the thought of using this possible lawsuit to finally break these shackles of scarcity thrilled Karl like little else could. He wanted to be an example, a trailblazing pioneer capable of hacking a permanent exit out of this pauper's jungle.

One of the greatest hallmarks of the ancient Aryan warrior ethos had been the integral cornerstone of financial generosity. Had not Hrothgar and Beowulf, Siegfried and Widukind, had not all these Germanic kings and Nordic heroes been renowned for their legendary, almost pathological, open-handedness with gold? It was this polar opposite of the Hebrew-fathered trait of greed that made Whites who they were. Men of might were men of commerce, any warden of ■ whit of wisdom would know that it took value and wealth to keep wind in the sails of the dragon-ship of the folk. You had to get behind your Huscarls and Hersirs and shower them with arm-rings and trappings of treasure. They, in turn, did the same

with the men who served under them. The history of the Aryan was a river of gold, a radiant Rhine that irrigated and invigorated the rigour of the race. This wealth was fluid and had to remain so. The Fair Folk knew, as much an instinct as flinching from fire, that it could only bring stagnation when hoarded or hidden away. Karl knew that in the Germany of the Third Reich, no artisan-making Swastika-Eagle window panes would have gone destitute or hungry; that much was certain. There, all worth was there equally rewarded, like sun shining out over the garden crop.

Karl sighed and sipped some warm coffee from his trusty Sluyterman mug. You couldn't really blame people. There was no backbone to keep them upright, there was no benevolent power structure to bind them in a brotherhood's alliance. The wandering Whites now lived in an almost exclusively Jewish world constricted by the tentacles of their fiendish Kosher avarice. The Neo-Nazis of this modern nightmare, what men of quality could still be mined from the slurry of bottom-feeding slugs and jellyfish that flocked to the now-submerged lantern of the Swastika, had been outlaws and lone wolves for so long that they were almost guaranteed to sow new scars, each to the other, whenever their paths happened to meet.

Karl didn't get this impression from Gustav. For the first time in years, he felt the glimmering hope of a new dawn of camaraderie. The magnetism of friendship was there, a

soil that only needed blood to fertilise it. Karl had a way with foresight when it came to such things. He and his wife had been writing letters about their future children before they had even met in person or spoken on the phone. Once in a great while there were people you knew *before* you knew them. Karl's desire was to tie this clannish knot of destiny in a way that would allow no slippage. He had to go all in and hold nothing back.

As he gazed into the fire he heard soft, ethereal singing from upstairs. His wife was sweetly crooning what sounded like an Enya song, in the bathtub. The tiny embryo of new life in her belly seemed to call out to him as she sang. Karl leaned forward and strained his ears.

"Waiting here...as I sit by the stone." Karl remembered the song from some distant corner of his adolescence. *"They came...before me, those men from the Sun...signs from the heavens say I...am the One."* Even though Karl was sweating from the stove, he felt goosebumps break out over his skin. He imagined for a split second the baby as some future Hitlerian Avatar of Wotan, a resplendent hero, the Man To Come, who would endeavour to smash the Communist bunker of Zion down into an eternal prison and sepulchre over the slain Judaic colossus. In an ephemeral falsetto of heart-rending poignancy, Nika broke into the chorus.

"Now you're here, I can see.....your light, this light that I....must.....follow." Without warning, Karl found himself choking back a rare flood of tears. The light was his, he was

the beacon, his children would follow. Was he leading them to ruin? How could he know that this war he was grooming them to fight wasn't just a phantom of his own anger and malice? Thinking of the baby made it easy to doubt himself. Was his wife thinking the same thing? Did she wonder if he was dragging them all down, the way that most historians accused Hitler himself of damning and dooming the Germany that he professed to love?

As if in answer, his wife reached the crescendo of the song. It was again as if she were giving voice to the new life inside of her. *"You...you may take...my life away..."* At this, Karl flashed to the grim memory he had of reading about the decision which Joseph Goebbels and his wife had made as the Red Army stormed Berlin. They had taken all six of their children with them into a new Reich beyond the confines of this world. It was hard stuff to read as a parent.

Karl had felt like some emergent Zarathustra, like some heartless, stoic half-breed of man and eagle perched atop the unexplored cliff-face of taboo. Did he dare to admit it, to own up to what he really felt about their decision to die together? It was right somehow. He didn't know how he could admit it to himself but he did. A family belonged together, they should endeavour to weave the separate strands of their fate into a rope, ■ braid across time, and across the frontier of death itself. That was the way of the folk, the way that nations had gradually formed from the

cultural quilt of warring tribes. Loyalty to kin was the bedrock of pagan Europe. The men stood for something and their families followed them to whatever end, no matter if their fortunes failed. It was probably the most insidious poison of the Christian doctrine to think of parenting as preparing your children to live the longest, most peaceful possible life. That was the beginning of the end. Loyalty to the church, loyalty to the Jews, turning your cheek to your enemies just as long as it would save your skin; it didn't take long, feeding this drivel to each new generation of children, to turn the once proud and warlike White nations into a self-serving Union of Cowardice where Death was the ultimate nemesis instead of dishonour.

"Now I know...I must leave...your spell...I WANT TOMORROW." Nika finished the lyrics and her voice wavered. It sounded like she might be crying. Karl felt her pain, it was like the dragon Nidhogg gnawing on the tree of life. It was so hard to unlearn everything that you had been taught, all your life long, and to pour your heart and soul and your children into a war that looked like it could never be won. Karl considered the last words of the song and felt a parallel streak of numinous convergence, like a meteor within his mind chasing the tail of the one he had seen in the sky.

The 'spell' that needed exorcising was this diabolical enchantment of Christian necromancy, this obsession with peace to the exclusion of all other things. *I want tomorrow.*

Those had been the final words his wife had sung. No White child on earth had so much as a chance in hell at having a worthwhile tomorrow as long as the kikes and Christians were at the helm of the western world. Karl clenched his jaw and felt a surge of stubborn pride. Tomorrow was what it was all about. He jumped up out of the recliner and walked to the corner to turn on the stereo. He walked his fingers down the stack of CD cases until he found what he was looking for. It was an old favourite that they had listened to on family picnics back when Sigi was just learning to walk. Karl put the CD in the tray and turned the volume down a few notches so that he wouldn't wake his slumbering little dragons. The chocolate hangover from the raid on their Ostara baskets would, no doubt, make them devils to deal with.

"The sun on the meadow...is summery...warm. The stag in the forest runs free, but gather together to greet...the storm, tomorrow belongs to me." The boyish singing began light-heartedly enough, but the innocent strength of the lyrics rose up the staircase like a stiff shot of stout medicine. Karl imagined the words piercing through the veil of his wife's sudden sadness, a sword of solidarity to cut away the curtain of her despair.

"The branch of the linden...is leafy and green, the Rhine gives its gold to the sea...but somewhere a glory...awaits unseen, tomorrow belongs to me."

Karl adored the irony that this song, which had been

The Saga of Hailstorm

originally written by two Jewish faggots for ■ degenerate homo-erotic musical made to glorify gays and to demonise the Nazis, so eloquently expressed the struggle of the young and strong to prevail against the rotten core of the established order.

The stairs squeaked as Nika's pale, perfect feet came prancing down towards the lower landing. She had ■ touch of eye-liner running down her cheek. The towel around her body was a gesture of modesty, but to Karl it had all the allure of the finest lingerie. Karl smiled at his wife and sang along in a militant basso profundo that never failed to make her laugh.

"The babe...in his cradle is closing his eyes...the blossom embraces the bee...but soon says a whisper, Arise! Arise! Tomorrow belongs to me."

"Thanks, Karl." Nika sauntered close and nuzzled his chest. "Let's sing it together." They embraced, hearts pumping the ancient blood of the ancestral life stream, their fates eternally bound for good or for ill. Their voices blended in harmony and followed the song to its glorious apex as their hopes intermingled in a valiant, wordless prayer to the Gods of the North; that they would indeed, somehow, some way, tear tomorrow from the grasp of their enemies.

*"Oh Fatherland, Fatherland, show us the sign...your children have waited to see! The morning will come when the world is mine, tomorrow belongs, tomorrow belongs, **tomorrow belongs to me!**"* Hearing the innocence of his wife's voice as she

In Harm We Trust

sang to the tiny galaxy of hope swirling in her belly drove a relentless steel ramrod into the spine of Karl's resolve to make things happen. To hell with tomorrow, he was going to start tonight.



It was just after eleven o'clock. The whole family was asleep. Karl had dressed and shoved *Harm*, in its black metal scabbard, into ■ long waterproof vinyl sea-bag. A handful of left-over oven-roasted chicken legs, thrown like German stick-grenades into the outdoor dog run, assured silence from the shepherds. Karl crunched softly through the snow and opened the hatch of the black diesel Volvo wagon that served as the family auto-mobile. Inside was a large, navy-blue cooler that they used for picnics or for keeping milk and meat cool on the long trips back from the ICA Maxi in Skellefteå. Karl put *Harm's* bag down with a reverent hand and hefted the cooler out onto the snow-pack. The muffled jet-torch sound of the automatic diesel heater made the car sound like a demon of vengeance lying in wait. Karl scooped a few heaping armfuls of snow into the cooler and threw it back into the rear of the wagon. He continued around to the passenger side and opened the door to set the duffel bag in the front passenger seat and then he put the car in neutral. He didn't want to take the chance of waking his wife by starting the engine up too close to the house. Karl threw ■ muscular shoulder into the door frame and strained like an ox to get the heavy Volvo rolling. At first it refused to budge. He then redoubled his effort and broke out into ■ frantic sweat as he pushed and pulled at the door post in violent spasms of brutal brawn. Karl's teeth gnashed together and the berserker buried within bucked through his muscles like ■ seismic ripple. A crack like a gunshot split the night air

and the ice binding the tires to the driveway broke free.

Before long, he had the bulk of the Volvo rolling backwards down the driveway toward the snow-framed gap that led onto the street. There, stepping into the car, he rolled away softly downhill with the transmission in neutral. He kept the running lights off like a U-Boat slipping stealthily out of its pen. Once the house was out of sight, Karl popped the clutch and the engine rattled to life. Now he gripped the wheel and drove the car onward like a glistening Orca on a midnight hunt. The dark sprawled out before him, and his headlights sparkled on the snow like silver diamonds of moonlight cast upon the ocean. It was two hours to Umeå, the capital city of Västerbotten. Situated on the north-eastern shoreline of Sweden on the Gulf of Bothnia, it was the last outpost of liberal educated civilisation before the vastness of the northern forests swallowed and digested all other vain attempts to domesticate the landscape. It was home to a vast university complex. Karl knew, it had once been true of himself, that all single men were drawn to a college town. These opportunistic Moorish thugs were no different. They knew on some bestial level that the light of education made these women much easier prey. All of their instincts had been turned off. They were brainwashed into seeing homeless puppy dog masks on the faces of even the most vile desert cannibals and child molesters. To be raped, beaten or spit upon, this was like a badge of honour for the enlightened woman in the great campaign to eliminate

racism and to celebrate the glories of diversity. Karl knew it in his bones even if the Swedish media kept a lid on it. Umeå was a leftist haven full of molly-coddled Saracen sex-sharks who were being *paid* to feed on the feminist, fish-brained femme fatales without so much as a hint of the fear of law or reprisal. That was bad for the women, but tonight it would aid Karl immensely in his quest for blood and justice.

Undoubtedly, his prospects were good. Umeå possessed the most likely regional population of these nefarious niggers. They gloated and strutted through town like rap-star warlords, oblivious to the fact that they were nothing more than the cheapest tools of convenience. They acted like they had invaded the place by the force of their own simian might, rather than them being introduced like jackals through holes of treason in the fence of an honest, unsuspecting folk farmer. These jackals of Jihad were nothing more than the lap dogs of the Jew, sent to prey upon the women and to replace and interrupt the racial gene-seed of the few torch-bearing Swedish men that were still left.

There wasn't a day that went by without some stifled rumour of rape or ruckus originating from this supposedly harmless refugee horde swarming through the town. Karl would be getting there late, but he was confident that there had to be at least *one* of these Muslim mongrels there who would step forth in some significant way to cross the line

and ask for death. His heart was a spiral hurricane, a galaxy of roaring subterranean rage, but even he wouldn't kill without cause, even if ninety-nine out of a hundred of these human trash-sacks deserved nothing more than to hang as a feast for the rats and ravens.

Karl's thoughts probed the flames, but the glacier of his mood remained calm and frigid. The undercurrent of rage ran so deep beneath the surface of his cold conscience that he could barely feel it. It was strange, the absence of apparent anger, but he liked it. The stillness was a novelty. He knew the fury was still there like magma gathering at the clogged throat of a cataclysmic volcano. Karl's focus bored on into the future. No thought could bog him down. He felt like a telescope stored inside a freezer. His coming deed was magnified, the stars were plotted. He was already there, it was already done. He had only to follow the thread of time that stretched out before him like an acrobat's tightrope strung between the cliffs of now and then.

The forecast had called for light snow flurries, but as far as Karl could see, there wasn't a cloud in the sky. He adjusted the heat and flipped on the God Lights, as he called them, to give himself more of a safety buffer against any moose that might be prowling the roads tonight. He had never seen anything like these things. Triple or even quad banks of high-intensity xenon super-lamps that every car north of Ornskoldsvik seemed to carry as standard

operational Winter equipment. They were bright enough to send naval Morse code signals into the depths of intergalactic space. What moose would not run bellowing into the forest, forever seared with crippling blindness, upon contact with these headlamps from hell? They seemed like overkill of the highest order. Karl thought that they might be better used to search for extraterrestrial life or to try and illuminate black holes.

The road spun out before him and Karl drove onward. He resisted the temptation to slip some music into the CD player. There was no denying that Karl was a man fuelled by music, but tonight, as in so many other ways, he felt different. His certainty spread behind him like the war-cloak of a dark heathen Templar. His lips were sealed like the doors of a crypt. He wanted nothing to disturb the predatory hush of the hunt. He felt poised, almost invisible, more patient than a prowling panther.

His mind searched for the music in the motor as he shifted the manual transmission through the gears, occasionally slipping down into third to avoid slipping on the ice, and then back up again to cruising speed when the danger had passed. It wasn't long before Karl began to take note of the immense piles of freshly-cut pine and birch logs that stood in neat stacks near the roadside. They hadn't been there yesterday when they had made the family trip into Boliden for groceries. Here was yet another primal whisper, a gate of approval murmured open by the breath of the Gods. The significance came stalking up

Karl's spine like a serpent of synchronicity. It could be no coincidence, could it? Here in the North, amongst the foresters, today had been the first day of the cutting season.

Karl took one gloved hand off the wheel and reached over to unzip the vinyl bag in the passenger seat. Cutting season, indeed. As he grabbed for the sword, his fingertips caught on the shining steel SS rank pips that he had soldered onto the upper scabbard a few nights previously in the garage workshop. There were three of them at the moment. One raised, gleaming steel square for each member of his family, not counting himself. Karl pulled the sword from the bag and laid the hilt across his lap. How many blades out there had never tasted blood? How much starving iron in the arsenals of Aryan men across the world sat gathering dust in old lockers and tool-sheds? What was the point of weaponry in this womanly rainbow-world of perpetual peace? It was sickening to think about it. With a jolt of surprise, Karl felt *Harm* thrumming on his leg, almost like a tuning fork. Was it vibration from the road or, far-flung as it might sound, was it singing for blood? As his wife was pregnant, so now Karl, too, had a newborn of his own to care for. Women gave birth to life and men were made to give birth to death. That was the penultimate decree of the divine order. Harm seemed to cry out at the thought, as thirsty as ■ baby for the milk of its mother.

Karl felt a macabre shiver run through his body. War had nearly been strangled out of the world. The succubus of emasculation had done her work well. Could Karl ever hope to bring back the song of the shield-wall? Would any proud, manly Aryan arias of conquest ever resound again over the ears of the dark *Untermenschen*, or was this world doomed to whimper on like a crippled, anaemic dog beleaguered by fleas from without and bloated with worms from within? Could you train a dog like that to stop biting at its besiegers? Not a chance. You could only delay the inevitable. The only way to stop the backlash would be to pull the hound's teeth out of its head. Even then it might gobble grass clippings or throw itself into a busy road just to be free of the vermin at last.

Karl took a moment to relish the feeling of being armed, of being male, of being dangerous. There was no mirage of possibility more horrifying than to imagine waking up without teeth, without claws, without balls or brawn. Tonight's hunt, then, was a full-blown *Crusade* to resurrect and revive the mythical juggernaut of the healthy White warrior impulse; that fathomless Germanic *love* for battle and action. As long as the thunderheads had been brewing up in Karl, so surely this Aryan reverence for Blitzkrieg and bloodshed must be pent up like a boxed tornado within the souls of tens of thousands of other worthy men who had children to defend and land to hold onto. Karl thumbed the rank pips on the sword hilt again. In eight or nine months he would have to add another one. He

had spaced the three existing ones to ensure he had room for many more. As he drove onwards through the white forest labyrinth, his thoughts wandered back over the past, to the days when he heard the death-sentence of his own bloodline coming out of his own mouth as if it had been appropriated as a propaganda trumpet of some otherworldly Communist death-demon. Somehow he had fallen for it without realising it. His own vocal chords had been stolen by the Jew.

There had been a time when he had sworn up one side and down the other that he would never have children. Not a snowball's chance in hell. Karl had, at that time, had his old primer-black '65 Chevy Impala, the Black Bomber as he had named it, and his Norwegian elkhound, Coal. An immortal hot-rod and a wayward dog which had bitten everyone Karl had ever known, these had been more than enough to cherish and care for. "One foot in the grave, one foot on the pedal," yes, Tom Petty, say it again - "*I was born a rebel.*" That had been Karl's mantra in those days. Such had been the extent of his country rockabilly cliché. All a man needs is his dog, his car, and his booze; like the funerary prescription for his own extinction. These were the grave goods that the Celts and Vikings buried their dead with and Karl had valued these trappings of the crypt above all other things.

What laughable and preposterous nihilism he had

embraced. What contemptible infantile fantasies had pickled his diseased mind. Nature had a wonderful way of weeding people out when they deserved it. This grim, superfluous veteran of the high seas and pompous general of the drunkard's war deserved nothing more than the luckless oblivion of a bachelor's back-page funeral. Karl scoffed at the memory of what an idiot he had been. He wished he could go back as the man he was now and give himself a thorough drubbing. The truth of it was, that lost soul he had been was now just a windblown corn husk stuck on a rusted wire fence, dry and empty as desiccated cicada skin clinging to the withered bark of a long dead tree.

Now Karl really was a rebel. Having children, being sober, tilling the soil, putting pleasures last; this was the real face of modern rebellion. Decadence was the mainstream current now, no matter how they tried to spin it. It was still hard to believe how far he had ventured from the sure shoreline of the sun and the Swastika. He truly had been a seafarer on the maelstrom, in many more ways than one. He had been equal parts astronaut and castaway, a thousand times drowned and adrift in the storm or lost in space, but in the end the home shore of Karl's German descent had been there as a foundation to bear him up out of the water and support the weight of the honour that he had lost along the way.

That had been then, but this was now. Karl stopped to wonder about how many children he would have before it was all over. He and his wife hoped for at least eight. That seemed to be the magical number. If all eight survived to adult breeding age, it would bring their family total to ten. If all eight children had eight children of their own, then in one generation they would have sixty-four descendants. If those sixty-four had eight children of their own, then they would be up to over five hundred. In three generations a single man could father an entire battalion of warriors to throw into the fight. Twenty such determined men could yield a division. All a man had to do was plan and drill his sons into the heartwood of the multi-generational mindset.

Eight kids... like bullets of beauty, like seeds of the Endsieg. Karl thought back to the cabin on Sognefjord in Norway, where he and his wife had spent ten days of their first two weeks together. The cabin had been named in the same fashion that Norwegian seamen tended to use in naming their boats. Every little *hytte*, or hut, had an original name, was assigned a guardian spirit, and became a personality unto itself. Karl thought it a beautiful reflection on just how affectionate the dour Northmen were towards the things that they had created with their own talented hands. There was a reverence and appreciation for shelter that could only be found here in the lands gripped in a perpetual death struggle with the frozen fist of the North. The name of their cabin, just a stone's throw away from the fjord, had been Grytesva.

They tried looking it up, but never found out what it meant.

One day on a cold freshwater beach near Seattle, six months before moving to Sweden, Karl had carved the name into the sand and pointed out that the names Sigfrid and Erik took up only two of the eight letters. It had been that day, when they had dared to dream of their family growing to such epic proportions. Yes, it was a magic number. Adolf Hitler himself had decreed it as the minimum number of children necessary for the highest decoration a woman could receive as reward from the Reich. Karl and his wife had had a late start. Six more children would probably see them still changing diapers at forty for her and fifty for him, and that was pushing it, but it could be done. What else was the point of living, after all, if not for ankle-biters and acreage? These were the real riches. You couldn't have enough of both.

The beautiful thing was that the value of the land in the countryside of Sweden was plummeting to an almost suspiciously low level. People, by and large, had no desire whatsoever to live out in the hinterlands away from all of the conveniences and contrivances of the modern comfort-centred lifestyle. The EU was actually paying people *not* to farm their land. How did that make any sense? Almost all of the people of the younger generations wanted to move to the cities anyway to get hooked permanently into the matrix. The prospects of toil and hardship were like a

deadly disease to avoid. So many of them were pale, sickly computer-gaming addicts. They spent their time in the spider-web of cyberspace, building farms and fighting wars and buying weapons made out of data packets of electronic ones and zeros. The youth were effectively dead. Transfixed. Tranquillised. Spayed. Neutered. Neutralised.

It was horrifying, but it made it almost too easy for a man worth his salt to build up a new secret empire in the infinite secrecy of the Nordic countryside. Karl had priced large farms with barns, stables, milking equipment, houses, cabins and boat-sheds for pennies on the dollar of what they would sell for back in the U.S. A man could pick up a hundred acres of land with buildings, ready to farm, for a fraction of the price he might expect to pay, as long as he was content to live far from the city. The dynamic was the same all across the civilised Western world to one degree or another. The father of all resources, the land itself, was becoming easier and easier to get. Within a few generations it wouldn't be all that difficult to create a small tribal-sized nation-state of your own. The prospect of that thrilled Karl to the very marrow of his bones. He drove on through the dark expanse of forest. The birch trees shone in the headlamps like a towering arsenal of silver spear shafts. With these floodlights, the windshield framed the road like the screen of a race-car video game. Karl flashed back to his childhood and all the wasted time he had spent chasing the crown jewels of boyhood adventure

through the pipeline of electronic simulation. His first twenty years had been a lifetime of looking at screens. He sighed deeply, feeling insulated and protected from that folly now. In the time since he had closed his computer, he had begun to feel alive in a way that had been missing for decades. There was so much more time and mental space for him to flourish in. Karl had spent the time attending to all the small details that seem to fall by the wayside when a man, unwittingly, spends his time looking into the crystal ball of passive entertainment for a cure to assuage his inner emptiness.

Karl had sharpened every knife in the house to a razor's edge. His tools were organised and oiled. His clothing was hung neatly in the closet. The shirts all faced in the same direction. The refrigerator was clean, the pantry was stocked and orderly. The carbon and soot build-up in the boiler had been scraped out. The hair and gunk in the pipe trap under the bathtub had been yanked loose and thrown away. The light-bulbs were changed the moment they burnt out. He had even rotated the tires on the Volvo and changed the oil and transmission fluids himself. None of these things, in and of themselves, were miracles of intelligence or accomplishment, but they had a way of adding up.

Karl liked to think of himself now as being *On Patrol*. He had become a guardian of order and a paladin of

relevance who walked open-eyed and vigilant through the day, seeking new ways to matter to his family and to himself. He had discovered a whole new echelon of Order, and each new day brought him a rising sense of confidence and self-reliance. The boys seemed to benefit in a way that he hadn't even dreamed of. They followed him around with a keen curiosity and a never-ending hurricane of questions. Karl began to see that his children *wanted* to develop, they would often-times rather imitate work than play with their toys. In retrospect, it sickened him to think of all the time that he had spent thinking of his toddlers as pets of a sort who needed constant distraction and entertainment. It was the same slippery slope, perhaps the origination point, for the uselessness of his own generation. Children were corralled into being children forever because they were taught that life was an eternal playground. Karl hoped it wasn't too late to turn things around and shape his boys' childhood years into a whole-hearted apprenticeship leading towards a crown of excellence which they could wear all through the years of their manhood.

Karl slowed the car with a quick down-shift. There was an older Saab broken down on the roadside up ahead. Karl shifted down again into second and eased around the seemingly abandoned vehicle. Sometimes you saw that around these parts. A car might sit for three or four days until someone came out to tow it away. Karl pulled in

ahead of the Saab and shut off his headlights. The license plates were still attached to the empty car. He would rest easier and focus better knowing that no-one could trace his car to the crime if the worst happened and someone got his plate number whilst he was in town. It was worth the effort, no question. Karl slid *Harm* back into the duffel bag and left the diesel thrumming as he walked back to the hatch to get his toolbox.

Karl arrived in the outskirts of Umeå just before one o'clock in the morning. He hadn't eaten since dinner and his stomach felt gaunt. The hunger brought out a primal clarity that felt like the perfect companion to his vow to commit violence. His senses felt enhanced, almost wolf-like. He steered the black Volvo towards the 'refugee' quarter at the far edge of town, prowling like a shark for some taste of justification, some spark to ignite the fire of his wrath. After so long out in the hinterlands of the forest, this city, although it was only a small one, felt like some decadent fortress for the insane. A twist of anxiety screwed its way into his guts as he turned off the main road and slowed down to a residential speed.

Up ahead, the featureless dormitory blocks sprawled toward the river. Karl could see Arabic graffiti painted on the garbage bins. Bits of trash, frozen into the hard crust of snow, fluttered in the wind; ribbons of enrichment awarded to the landscape by the parasites crawling over its sparkling diamond skin. This was the place. Ground Zero. It made the asylum housing in his backwater town

look like a charming bed and breakfast by comparison. Here was the monolithic facade of the barracks of an invading army. It brought a chill to Karl's heart, looking at what he was up against. This roach nest of refugees was but one of thousands of similar enemy encampments being bolstered by the Swedish government under advisement from the Jew. Karl thought of the new life that had taken root in his wife's womb and clenched his jaw as tight as a vice gripping a razor blade. This life would require space to flourish and, tonight, Karl hoped to create some for it to fill.

Karl breathed deeply and relaxed his furrowed brow. This street was empty as far as he could see. It might take a while to find a suitable space donor. These maggots of the Levant hated the cold just as much as he himself cherished it. Maybe it would be a better idea to go and park on one of the streets where the night-life might be swinging strong. It was a Thursday night, though. He might spend all night driving around in aimless homicidal frustration, trying to find the right place to strike. This was the lair of the lie itself. He had to keep his composure and maintain his patient hunter's focus.

Karl eased the Volvo into a left turn then headed east towards the river. The road stretched ahead for another quarter of a mile before ending at what looked to be some kind of sports field. The streets were empty. The only sign of the invaders was the weak florescent light shining from a handful of windows in the nearest housing block. Karl

idled down the stub road, scanning for guilt. He reached the sports field and swung the heavy car around. He hit the switch to kill the headlights and let the diesel engine purr whilst he tried to decide what to do. He would feel awfully damn stupid to have wasted a half tank of fuel and a night's sleep on another futile attempt to prove his courage to himself. There was no way he would be going home empty-handed, even if he had to waltz straight into one of these giant pestilential roach-hotels and pull one of the Mesopotamian miscreants out by the beard with his bare hands.

Karl pulled a toothpick out of a plastic cylinder he kept in the console. He began to gnaw on it in contemplative silence. Had his wife woken and noticed his absence yet? Were they safe? Gods, he had driven two hundred kilometres away to create *Lebensraum* for his unborn child yet left his family unguarded. Sure, many a night had passed already with no cannibal horde assault to break his front door down, but being here, so far from their aid, knowing their vulnerabilities so intimately, gave Karl an almost strangulating sense of panic and powerlessness.

He reached down into his shirt and pulled out the gleaming Thor's hammer amulet that he kept on a silver chain around his neck. It had been fashioned from a genuine silver *Reichsmark* coin with the miniature Swastika cut out with ■ jewellery saw for contrast and emphasis. Karl grasped the amulet and imagined the blazing white protective sigil of an Algiz Rune standing up out of the

chimney bricks of his home like some kind of Odinic emergency flare. If he had any sorcery in his soul, let it work its magic just this one night and it could then leave him forever after. Just let them be safe when he got back home. Please. By Thor's beard and Mjolnir's might, by Tyr's sword and Heimdall's sight. Let them rest safely until the vigilance of his watch could be resumed.

As if in answer to his storm of paranoia, Karl thought of the shepherds out in their fenced enclosure. The dogs were there to raise hell if anyone started snooping around. After the bark Panzer had loosed upon those Negroids from the night of the Meteor, there probably wasn't a Moorish bastard within twenty miles who wasn't looking over his shoulder to check for some shaggy black phantom werewolf dogging his heels. No doubt, these so-called people never stopped gabbling. They didn't work, they had all day every day to gossip and to talk about whatever reptilian nonsense animated the dim architecture of their brains. Karl was sure that the word had spread. Nika and the boys were perfectly safe. His fears were just running rampant, but it was understandable when there was so much on the line to lose.

Karl suddenly sat bolt upright in his seat. The door to the nearest haji-hostel was open, and a group of puffy, over-bundled dark-skins shuffled out into the cold. Karl's nostrils flared like a wolf catching the scent of a fawn. He instinctively twisted the key to the rear and killed the

engine as they huddled and turned away from the wind. Karl knew that they were just lighting cigarettes but they looked guilty of some menacing secret nonetheless. They *were* guilty, in fact. There was no disputing it. Guilty of cowardice, guilty of greed, guilty of trespassing, littering, and disrespect; these were but the collective aperitif to their extensive cultural menu of more heinous and despicable crimes. Karl took a moment to relish the gravity of Judgement. He was here tonight like one of the *Wissende* of the old German *Vehmgericht*, that secret vigilante tribunal system of folk justice that had made the province of Westphalia an upstanding oasis of law and order during a dark era of unprecedented chaos and cut-throat anarchy.

Though he was no Swede by blood, Karl felt more than qualified to wear the judge's robes and to carry the gavel of this secret midnight court. He felt the grim Saxon spirit running like some iron liquor through his blood. It was like a tributary of the Rhine river itself, deep and dreadful in defending its hidden, underwater gold. His only regret was that he had no-one with which to share the secret. The Vehm court had been an instrument of the people, a branch on the tree of necessity, a tribune of justice among stalwart men in the days when those men knew how to keep a safe secret. This was a task meant to be shared, but until Karl could find other judges, he charged himself personally with the task of dealing death to those who threatened the light and life of the law.

The gaggle of dark aliens puffed their death-smoke in stiff spasms and then quickly disappeared back inside the towering toilet which they called home. Again, Karl fought to subdue his impatience. These god-damn cretins were everywhere when you didn't want them around. How long would he have to wait? If someone saw him sitting out here and called the police they would find out that he had stolen tags on the vehicle and then what? Would he end up getting the whole family deported for some failed, hair-brained attempt at trying to balance the scales of national justice by squashing one beetle out of a seething, parasitic hoard of millions? A creeping sense of foolishness stole over Karl as he imagined himself trying to explain to the police why his license plates didn't match his vehicle. His wife would awaken to a call from jail and what the hell would he say then? Maybe it *was* better to strike closer to home, where he knew the lay of the land and could stalk one of these jaundiced troglodytes with less threat of scrutiny.

In the midst of this spasm of doubt, Karl thought back to his conversation with Gustav. Without doing what he needed to do tonight, it might take years to get so much as an inkling of this man's trust. Karl had to remember that he was in Sweden and he needed Swedes as the spine of this New SS. Gustav had said that he was the district leader of the Resistance. Surely a man in such a position, a man who had, as he had said, grown up and spent his whole life without stepping foot outside of Västerbotten,

surely such a man had comrades he could trust. If Karl could find the key to Gustav's trust and through it, gain the trust of his inner circle of hardy home-grown nationalist compatriots, then he knew he had the key to his first stoic platoon of Wewelsburg knights. After all, Gustav, over the phone, had avidly professed his fanatical obsession with the history of the 12th SS Panzer Division. He and Karl were peas out of the same pod, it was plain to see, even without having met in person yet. Karl had mentioned the possibility of playing out a tabletop war-gaming scenario after dinner on the night of their upcoming meeting. They had jokingly argued over which one to play. It was between the defence of Caen and *Operation Wacht am Rhein*, which included Karl's personal favourite, the *SS Leibstandarte Adolf Hitler Division*, as part of the operational battle group.

Karl knew, he just knew it. If he could convince Gustav then the SS would no longer be a ghost organisation of the past. They could relight the torch. Karl had thought it over a thousand times. It would take twelve men. It had to be twelve. Twelve captains of honour and loyalty, one for each Sieg-rune spoke of the legendary Black Sun symbol. They would form a noble *Vehmgericht* of Teutonic executioners and become the founding fathers of a new legion of *Sonnenmenschen* who would take their orders directly from the voice of the forests and the blood-memory of their race.

It took Karl a second to pull himself back to reality. His vision of the future had been so lucid that he had almost missed the lone figure who came loping out of the asylum block towards his Volvo. Karl bristled and gripped the steering wheel tight. Should he dive down and try to make the car look unoccupied? Surely this shit-sack wasn't coming out to accost him or hassle him for some kind of Sharia Law version of a parking violation? Without thinking or realising it, Karl turned the ignition switch and the motor clattered to life. The figure crossed to the left side of the road and continued advancing towards him. Karl's instincts were as tight as freshly tuned piano wires. He hit the electronic switch on the armrest and his driver side window came down. The closer the figure came, the more Karl could sense him as an adversary. He was taller and thicker than most of these malicious migrant scum, who tended to be arrogant, bony pipsqueaks with a hilariously disproportionate bulldog complex. Karl could see a beard now too, hanging like some kind of black pubic bush off of the sullen plane of his sallow warthog's face. He was getting close enough now that Karl could see his black eyes glittering, but he appeared to be looking out past the car towards the darkness of the empty sports field. Karl checked his mirror but the field looked empty. It was now or never.

"Hey Fuckface, you speak English?" Karl's right hand had gone for *Harm's* hilt. Feeling the sword in his hand put ■ smile on his face that might not have been so cocky

otherwise. His whole body was trembling and the elevator in his stomach had dropped into the abyss. The Muslim-looking bulldog stopped in his tracks. He looked momentarily confused. He scanned the darkness and caught sight of Karl inside the car before barking back. To Karl's surprise, his potential adversary spoke almost perfect American street-slang English. "Oh yeah, bro, you bet I speak the English. You won't be speaking much more of it yourself though, my man, if you don't watch what the fuck you say around here. If I come over there and knock your teeth out, bro, who is gonna be the fuck-face then?"

He sounded like one of the Chaldean liquor store owners that Karl had often bought beer from up in Michigan, back when he had been assigned to a tug on the Great Lakes. They were like crossing the worst parts of an Arab with a mouthy dago from Brooklyn or the Bronx. Karl looked for the characteristic gold chain around his neck but the man's coat was zipped too high. These chickenshits were usually pack animals, they tended to fight only after the rest of the hyenas showed up to find out what all the yelling was about.

"Do you have any last words?" Karl had his left hand on the door handle and *Harm* half out of the scabbard with his right. He intended for the words to come out sounding eerie and playful, like the first step in a death-waltz of murderous mockery, but his voice sounded forced and muffled by the paralysis that came creeping up like before, on the night of the Meteor. It was almost embarrassing, but

the sense of shame was distant. Karl's eyes were locked on the target and his instincts were taking over.

The Chaldean yeti laughed, sensing the brittleness of Karl's confidence. "Hold on a second, you pussy, let me think about that.", he said. The sallow Saracen's phone was buzzing. He pulled it out and flipped the screen with a fat, hairy finger to get to the message screen. Far in the distance, down towards the river, Karl heard a scream. The world was swimming, every minute detail seemed to be disconnected, a fragment unto itself. He felt suddenly as though he might be losing his nerve. His right hand wavered, wanting to drop the sword and put the car in gear for a quick escape.

The bearded bull-Semite hurriedly jammed his phone in his coat pocket and looked in the direction of the distant scream. Karl's insult seemed to fall momentarily on his priority list. Karl's left hand, oblivious to his mind's fit of paralysis, finished pulling the latch to open the driver's side door. The sound of the door cracking the frost that held it shut made the jaundice-coloured goon flinch. Angered, he squared off in a boisterous rooster's fighting stance.

"Aright, bro, you're fuckin' up my program. Here's my last words for you!" At that he hawked and spat a wad of stinking phlegm that arced through the frozen air and landed on Karl's ear as he opened the door and stepped out. The hobnails of his jackboots dug their iron into the icy skin of the road.

"Come and get some you pasty-faced towhead motherfucker. You ain't gonna save that bitch, bro. You got me, my man? I'm gonna put your punk ass to sleep!" The words were like some kind of receipt printing from the yellow man's bearded pussy of a mouth. There was a tally, ■ total, a sum that had been paid, and now there was change due on the transaction. It settled on Karl's mind like snowflakes on ■ windowpane just before they melt from the heat inside. At the same moment, Karl felt the glob of filth running down the side of his neck and realised that he had been spat upon. In that split-second the paralysis was gone. A mushroom cloud of cold, nuclear, nitrogenic fury rose from his neck into the command centre of his brain. Twin lightning bolts of reaction struck the iron of his might and he made his face into a heartless mask of death, grinning like the Reaper's skull.

It was over in seconds. The two rushed each other in the street simultaneously. Karl brought the gleaming, single-edged *Kriegsmesser* around from low to high as the Chaldean warthog threw his first punch. At the last moment the Arab caught the cruel gleam of Karl's sword coming around and pulled his attack, instead flinching his body back with both arms flying up to try and grab or block the blade. Karl's fury sent the cutting edge through both flailing arms with such clean, wicked force that it felt as though the bones weren't even there. Karl staggered through the after-swing to maintain his balance as the sword continued and came around with enough

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momentum to have to force him to spin to avoid getting the blade stuck in his own back. He scolded himself. He should have actually practised with the god-damned sword.



The bearded troglodyte stumbled past Karl as he spun and landed with his arm stumps frantically slipping on the Volvo's side window glass to regain equilibrium. The blood shot out of his abbreviated forearms in twin pulsing spurts of heated gore. To Karl's surprise, there wasn't much noise. Just an initial hiss of pain. It was as if the dying brute could somehow hold his blood inside his body if he held his breath and stayed quiet enough.

"By the authority of the Sun, I sentence you to death, you fucking low-life leech of the Levant!" It was the best Karl could do, given the circumstances. His court would not be one of words and counterarguments. Karl lunged forward for the kill and *Harm* seemed to swing his body, rather than his body swinging the sword. Once again, the ease of the sword's passing nearly came back to bite Karl with what could have easily been a mortal wound. The Chaldean's head was already face down in the snow when it's body toppled like a stack of diseased hams next to the Volvo. For a long, soaring second, Karl stood in awe of himself. He couldn't believe his eyes. He was standing here, fresh upon the scene of what he had aspired towards for so long, and now it was done. There was no turning back now. A part of him felt cheated, that he couldn't just sit down on the nearest bench and reflect on a job well done. This Chaldean prick was a perfect example of how indiscriminate the 'asylum' programs of Europe had become. Any asshole with jaundice or a suntan could fly over here and go on the welfare for the rest of his life. It

was like winning the lottery for these pukes. Another screech of distress cut the air, this one more muffled than the last. It echoed up from down towards the river, through the dark vacant sports field. Karl froze for a second. Then he saw the dead parasite's phone sticking out of the snow. His mind felt pulled in ten directions at once. He had to get in the car and go! Wait, first get the head! What about the body? How to get the blood off the car? Had anybody seen anything? Who was screaming? Karl looked everywhere and nowhere all at once. Then, like a crucifixion of beauty, he noticed the Northern Lights blazing in the sky over the city. It was as if the sky itself was celebrating his first dead foe. Karl reeled, it was too much to take in at once. Suddenly he felt sick and dizzy and wondered if he was going to faint.

No! He *had* to get a hold of himself. The *head*, he had to get *the head*. That was the key to the future, as long as he escaped the law and stayed out of prison. Karl scrambled through the snow, grabbed the head by the hair with a trembling hand, and bolted to the rear hatch to reach the cooler. He looked around again in a frantic rush, wondering when the police cars and news helicopters would start arriving. Surely they would come swarming in righteous droves of investigative diligence any second now. Karl tossed the bleeding head inside the cooler and felt the scythe of doom hanging high above in the darkness. It made him feel like an insect waiting to be squashed. The peril was palpable enough that it was as

if he had been physically shot with a high-calibre tranquilliser dart; like something you would only use on a runaway mastodon. Everything was moving so slow, it was like he was underwater. Where the hell was *Harm*? Where was his sword? God-damn, he had to get it together and get on the road before it was too late.

The sword was right there, inside the hatch. Not as much blood on the blade as you'd expect. Alright, get the lid on the cooler. Shut the door. Now what about the body? Karl scanned the road and buildings again. Still no observers or witnesses that he could see. There was the Chaldean ogre's phone again. Karl took a frantic scissor-step over and plucked it out of the snow. He thumbed the screen but there was some kind of screen lock. To hell with it; he fumbled the phone into his pocket and went over to the grisly bulk of the slain refugee's corpse.

Karl's body was singing the symphony of adrenaline. He tugged at the hood and coat collar, which were still incredibly wet and warm, no, almost *hot* in the contrasting cold air, with blood from the beheading. The useless mass of the freeloader's carcass, as big as it was, seemed to glide over the snow like ■ giant sack of rancid flour. Karl's heart was skipping beats and thundering in his ears, but he felt as though he could crawl under and bench-press the Volvo. With the energy he had now, he could probably push it a hundred kilometres down the road without fatigue. He dragged the body out into the sports field and

then dropped it, momentarily, thinking. Again, the mind-boggling beauty of the Aurora Borealis, snaking across the sky, threatened to distract him to the point of ruin. Karl shook his head and came back down to earth. He had to try it. He knew it was exactly this kind of showing off that got people caught, but he couldn't help himself. He wanted to make the statement. This boot-licking 'refugee' drug-dealer, or whatever the slimy fuck he was, needed to be counted as the first enigmatic crater in a whole fire-storm of death to come. Let these migrants see that the Hakenkreuz was spinning again, this time like a surgical circular saw to cut off all hope of their retreat from or reconciliation with the sanctity of the Germanic North. The first white blood cell had finally arrived and now the immune system would take its raging course with the virus of guilt which these false refugees carried.

Karl hefted the hulk of the corpse on legs that shook as if he were on the verge of epilepsy. His strength was like that of a bull in the rut, but his nerves were stretched a thousand times too tight. He stumbled through the snow and then dropped the Chaldean meat-sack into the centre where the two Runes would intersect. Within ■ minute he had dragged the corpse in a pattern of right angles that described ■ blood-streaked Hakenkreuz in the flawless white plain of the playing field. That done, he dropped the carcass into the centre of the vengeful sun-symbol and gingerly stepped along the border before jumping out of it back into his fumbling press of frenzied footprints.

His boots were the same brand that thousands of Swedes wore throughout the Winter, so he doubted that the police would be able to track him based on the prints. Karl's inner alarm bells were now clanging at doomsday decibels. He sprinted back towards the car so fast that he thought his heart might burst. Just as he reached the door and opened it, he remembered the screams. He couldn't explain why he had forgotten them or why they hadn't seemed important at the time. Truly, they had only just now sunk in. Karl felt a sudden cascade of shame wash over him. Had someone been robbed? Was that where the Chaldean scum had been heading? To help some of the other low-bred vultures steal even more from their naive hosts than they already had? Karl dared another second of delay to listen and probe the silence. He could not believe that there were still no onlookers screaming for help or SWAT vehicles arriving on-scene to mow him down or beat him into the sequestered horror of his new prison life.

There was nothing. No sound. Maybe it had just been some drunken teenagers or someone playing a prank. Fuck it, whatever it was, he had to go, he couldn't wait around any longer trying to play superhero and to solve everyone else's problems. He wouldn't be doing *anyone* any good locked away for the rest of his natural life in some Scandinavian hate-crime dungeon next to Anders Breivik. Karl jumped in the driver's seat and slammed the door shut. The Volvo's diesel engine turned over on the first try

and without so much as a breath of delay, the car was rolling back the way he had come. A storm of thrilling energy surged through the nerves of Karl's scalp. He was driving away. There was no-one around to witness anything except the Chaldean's head in the cooler.

He checked both sides, both mirrors, then craned his neck around towards the sports field. Nothing. He drove onwards, gripped in a cautious fugue of disbelief, conscious only of his scalp as it seemed to tingle along with the magnetic sky-currents that flared green and purple overhead in the solar wind. Karl felt the feathers on the winged helm of triumph spread as he pulled out onto the main road and headed for the anonymity of the forest highway. His elation was boundless. The spirit of the Blitzkrieg soared through him. The silver bolts of his wrath had, at long last, blasted a hole through the static trenches of fear, doubt, and inertia. Karl was alive now like only the Man of the Deed can truly be.

Once again, after seventy years of slumber, the Germanic lightning war had struck, and its thunder would roll again now, unabated, to echo throughout the hallowed hills of Europe. Even if he was just one man, Karl was an army now. The dead of the old Reich marched behind him. He was the reforged tip of the lance. Now was the blitz of the New Barbarossa. Tonight's killing was a wake-up call; the first savage kick on the EU's rotten genocidal door. The New SS would form from the fallout of the events that

Karl had set in motion this night. They would become the judges of the court of a paralysed people. The verdict was blazing in the sky and the guilt of the invaders had just endured its first casualty. Yes, there was a salvo of death coming like artillery from a hailstorm. The Judgement hammer of Aryan anger would strike in a rising tempest of retribution that, Karl dared to hope, had only just begun.

With a few quick twists of the screwdriver, Karl finished reinstalling his license plate. He had pulled off onto an isolated side logging road after about fifteen minutes on the westbound E12. He was beginning to calm down and his thoughts had gone cool and clear. He had to do whatever he could to ensure that there was as little evidence as possible. He had taken a few minutes to clean Harm in the snow at the side of the road. The blade gleamed and reflected the eldritch green sky-fire that continued to riot across the dark dome overhead. Karl felt a fascinating new sense of kinship with his sword. What an incredible respect he had now for its naked lethality. He understood now why the Teutons had always sworn their oaths upon their blades.

The blood didn't show up on the black car in the darkness, but Karl wondered if the daylight would tell a different story. He donned his mittens and used the ice scraper to hack what frozen blood he could from off of the windows. If he parked in the garage he would be able to

turn on the electric heaters and sponge the car down without attracting any undue attention. Karl made a mental note to burn the mittens and the clothes when he got back to the boiler.

It was surprising now how much his fear of getting caught had subsided. There was no reason to trace the killing back to him. He was a non-entity in Sweden. He was barely on the public register. He had always been cautious with his Internet activity and had always used a reputable VPN to mask his allegiance to the Reich and its immortal ideology. The only slip-up had been on the night of the Meteor, when he had pulled the knife on the refugees, but that seemed to have blown over. It was doubtful that they had even noticed the Totenkopf on his sidecap, or connected it with the Nazis. Did they even know who the Nazis were? These migrant mongrels weren't exactly the sharpest scimitars in the sand dunes of Syria.

Karl took a deep, delicious breath and looked up into the sky. The awe he felt took him back to the memory of the first time he had seen the Lights. He and Nika sometimes headed out for a rare evening walk once the boys were asleep. They weren't comfortable going out of sight of the house, but around the block a few times was enough to relieve the pangs of cabin fever that came along with the long Winters. Karl had just walked off the covered porch when he saw Nika look up at the sky and

say "Oh my God!", in a breathless whisper.

As irrational as it had been, his first thought had flashed to phantasmagoric nuclear war. The recurrent nightmares of hallucinogenic horror that had plagued his Cold War childhood were there that night, suffused with the same surreal sense of something imminent and irreversible about to happen. In a wave of horror Karl had flinched, expecting the white flashbulb of looming radioactive obliteration to sear this last image into his mind before blindness and death rolled over him like ■ thunderclap. The adrenaline that followed was like ■ jolt of electricity as his military nuke-training kicked in. He had leapt down the steps towards his wife, thinking to push her under the car for cover, but then Nika's wild luminous grin dispelled his panic instantaneously.

Karl would never forget it. Looking up, his eyes had been stripped wide open, and his gaze dove like a swan swimming in an ocean of emerald wonder. The green shimmering light was framed by a bright curving edge of pale luminosity that made it look as though the sun was about to come up over a new horizon running up the middle of the sky. It was so disorienting for a moment that it felt as though Karl had had a stroke or was grappling with some mental knot brought on by some brain-bursting tumour. Then it dawned on him. What he was seeing was the fabled spectacle of the Northern Lights. It had taken more than thirty years of longing to finally see them.

Karl and Nika had gone as giddy as children, immersed

in a quake of complete awe, as they ran through the vacant silence of the town, trying to find a place without streetlights so they could see it better. They had made it to the edge of town and laid down on the ground to try and watch it change as every quadrant of the sky was flaring and vying with the others to grab and hold their attention. It had been so hard to pin down, so hard to watch just one spot, it was like being torn into a dozen separate blossoms of shocked reverence. They had wandered all over, like shamans dowsing for well-water, their bodies following their upraised heads, talking and describing it to each other as if they had been the first humans to ever see the phenomenon.

Karl remembered Nika saying that the Lights looked like thoughts and had feelings somehow translated into a scintillating orchestra of living radiance. It was like having the secrets of the universe piped straight into your eyes. The hypnotic blaze had gone on beaming and shimmering through the sky as they tried, in turns, vainly to describe it or define it. Upon returning to their back yard they had lain down on birch logs, too dazed with wonder to continue standing. There they had watched the grand finale.

The centre of the upper dome of the sky suddenly lit up with a pale light like dawn coming over the crest of the horizon. The stars faded away, eclipsed by the brilliance. The colours had changed to an effulgent purple lined by a pale, flickering pink. A curve of darkness came cutting

through the curtain of primal radiance. It had started to flicker and dance, whipping around like a snake with a severed head; all along the dark line were shadows warbling in pulsating waves that zoomed faster and faster along the curve and arc of the light formation. It went so fast that it looked like plasma being pumped at high speed and pressure through some strange, pink fibre-optic artery in the sky. It had almost been too much to bear. The pulsating, racing light had taken their breath away as surely as a kick in the gut. The involuntary, almost orgasmic, sounds of fascination had come out of their mouths like a song to accompany the serpentine symphony of supersonic light.

Karl smiled at the memory. He never would have imagined that night that the next time he saw the Aurora would be on a night like this. Karl got back into the car and put it in reverse. With a nod of affirmation, he washed away any sense of guilt that might be hiding in the deepest crevasse of his conscience. The Lights were eternal, clean and inspiring. They looked like Odin's joy and fury, warring in the sky. They spoke of release, like the frolic of the Fenrir wolf unchained, or the coiling greed of Jormungand banished forever into the sky.

Karl sipped cold coffee out of his stainless steel Thermos. He pulled back out onto the highway and arched his back in the seat. He would probably pay for the way he had dragged the foul corpse around during the height of

his frenzy. He would need ■ hot bath and some stretching once he reached the house. His back was beginning to throb but it didn't feel serious enough to worry about. It was probably just a sprain. The real danger had been from the sword. Karl shuddered to think of how close he had come, in the fury of the moment, to laying his own back or thigh wide open with the momentum of the swing. It had been his instinctual ninja-like reflexes that had saved him, that one trait that had always followed him like a faithful hound. It was time to burn down some mileage. Karl felt untouchable now. The verdict of Fate and Luck was behind him, and the forest seemed to wreath him like a secret cloak. Now was the time for music. A victory dirge, something hard and fast, inspiring and brutal. He reached for the console and pulled out a CD of his current standby favourites. With one hand on the wheel, he fed the disc into the slot and clicked the button up to Track 8. *Stahlhelm* by *Überzeugungstäter*. If there was one song these days that expressed the redemptive, manly iron in his soul then this was it. The tight tension of the guitars ripped apart the silence and Karl's right boot came down hard upon the accelerator.

"It's been wonderful having you, now I'll leave you guys to your gamin.", Nika said. Her good-natured smile was brighter than Karl had seen it since the Summer. She was clearing up the dessert plates and getting the boys ready for their bath. The whole afternoon had been a

tornado of talk, a cyclone of catharsis. Karl could tell that she was disappointed that the time had gone by so quickly.

"And thank-you for the wonderful hospitality. It isn't often that we activist types get spoiled with this much food. As you know, being a National Socialist in Sweden is pretty much a guarantee of poverty." Strom, Gustav's older brother, held his hands to his belly and tipped his chair back to signal his contentment. He seemed amicable, but contained. His words had been sparse, and Karl had noticed his eyes flickering around the house at intervals with a sharp detective's curiosity.

Gustav nodded, assenting to his brother's words. He stood and extended his hand towards Nika for the forearm-to-forearm grip of the Resistance handshake. The Swedish leader of the Resistance movement cell in Västerbotten had made a good impression upon her even though he had the jagged teeth of an inveterate scrapper and an unflinching, almost homicidal glitter to his gaze. Karl liked him, he was cut of the right cloth for the job, no doubt. Looking into his eyes was like looking down the barrel of a steel battleship cannon. His encyclopaedic knowledge of the Waffen SS revealed a mind devoted to detail. Karl also sensed in Gustav a deceptive feral strength that far outstripped his average frame.

"I'll drive an hour anytime for that kind of cake. Your husband is a lucky man. A thousand thanks to you, Nika, it has been an inspiring afternoon. Your passion for our

ideas is rare to find in ■ woman these days.", Gustav said.

Nika blushed a little at the compliment. She liked to be taken seriously. Her children tended to defy her and Karl had always tended to hold her youth against her when it came to questions of philosophy.

"I fear that it has gotten so late, Karl, we may not have the time to finish a game session. Maybe we can get together in the next few weeks for that." Gustav turned his chair to pat Panzer, who had put his massive black head into the Swede's lap.

Karl felt a twinge of panic. Was now the right time? Should he wait? What if they thought he was nuts? The voice of the Gods had given him the confidence to go through with the deed, but sitting here at the table with these grim and orderly men, Karl couldn't help but wonder whether or not he could convince them of the radical nature of his plan. This was a first meeting. No doubt they would be on guard for any scent of suspicion.

Karl gave ■ disarming laugh. "I would probably have you all stuck here at the table until midnight just setting up the game board for the scenario. Then we would have to arm-wrestle for half an hour to see who gets to play *Kampfgruppe Peiper*."

"I fear you'll have to play the Americans, Karl. I would not be able to do them justice. My orders would be for all combat personnel to turn around immediately and drive themselves back into the English Channel."

Strom gave a rare grin and pushed his chair back. It

seemed as if they were ready to go. Karl sized up the situation and decided to take the swan dive. Each day that passed was another loop in the hangman's noose around the neck of their folk. Each uncontested sunrise brought more rape, crime and misery to the future of Europe. Each sunset drained another flash flood of money and resources away into the seething morass of Muslim megalomania. Karl, after killing, had become like a bear at the beehive. He plunged the snout of his intent straight into the sweet, sticky heart of any problem, little stings or distractions be damned.

"Hey, at least we actually *fought* in the war. Where was Sweden then? What happened to '*Save us oh Lord from the Wrath of the Norseman?*' Germany could have used your manpower to throw the Americans and Brits back into the sea at Normandy." Karl's voice teased the Swede. It was what they would call a 'ball-busting' back on the ships.

Gustav's cheeks began to flush red. It was obviously ■ sensitive spot. "You are right, Karl. There isn't a day that goes by when I don't think about our national betrayal of the hope and promise of the German Reich. That is why I work day and night to try and change things. We owe a debt to Germany that can never be repaid."

Karl clapped the Swede on the shoulder. Their eyes met like crossed swords. "Before you guys leave, lets go take a walk. I want to show you something that might change your mind on that score." At the word 'walk', Panzer's eyes lit up and his bark, too big to be contained inside,

made everyone in the room jump. "Alright, boy, we're going!" Karl led the way towards the coat room where they dressed before going out.

Karl had hidden the cooler in one of the tallest trees he could find out in the forest. His return to the house the night of the killing had seen his wife still asleep. With the long Winter and the pregnancy, she had been oblivious to his absence. Karl had been able to clean the car and hide the cooler under a pile of logs in the woodshed before coming in to burn his clothes and shower himself clean. This would be the first time in their marriage that he had decided to hide something from her. It felt terrible, but he wanted to protect her innocence, especially now that she was carrying another child. He knew, on some level, that if she knew of the killing, her anxiety would likely consume her like some kind of cancer. Karl had made the snap judgement and stuck to it. The next morning she had let him sleep in and he had explained his fatigue, upon waking, by claiming insomnia brought on by apprehension about his upcoming trip back out to sea. He had taken the dogs for a walk afterwards and carried the cooler with him in a rucksack.

Now, as Karl approached the stand of trees where he had hung the fruit of his grim labour, it was finally time to divulge his secret. Up until this afternoon, he had had no idea of what the fallout had been in the news media. Since returning from Umeå he had spent the week around the

house, purposely avoiding any temptation to buy a newspaper. Without the computer, he felt immune to the outside world somehow. What happened in a city hours away on the coast was like worrying about the price of tea in China, even if he *had* killed someone there. The distance was armour, and keeping it secret from his wife made it almost seem like a dream. Only a veiled hint from Gustav had given Karl the certainty that the police were now involved in a massive search for the killer.

"So you said that you almost couldn't make it today because of harassment from the police?", Karl said, searching the forest ahead for signs of the rope that held the cooler high above in the crook of an ancient Nordic pine.

"Ja...eller Yes, we've had no trouble with them for some time. It is strange that they have suddenly started pressuring us again so strongly. Most of this week I've had them following me around and taking photos of visitors to my apartment. As you probably read or saw on the television, there was a murder in Umeå in which the killer left a bloody Hakenkreuz in the snow. We think it may have been something faked to give them a reason to more aggressively pursue our organisation. "

Karl frowned, wondering if they had possibly been followed out to his house. "Do you have any idea why?", he asked.

Gustav stopped short. It was obvious that Karl's boots were now the only ones crunching forward through the

snow.

"I think this is far enough, Karl.", Strom said with an obstinate tone of finality that felt ominous and flat in the middle of the forest. Karl felt the hush rush in to fill the spaces where camaraderie had seemed to dwell only moments before. Up ahead, the dogs were looking back at him, tails wagging. Karl felt the knife up his parka sleeve and wondered if he would have to use it.

"You two are brothers, right?", Karl asked.

"We are.", Gustav replied.

"You trust each other then?" Karl's voice hung momentarily on the air before the emptiness swallowed it.

"What are all these questions about, Karl we Swedes aren't overly fond of playing games or wasting words.", Gustav said, a flush of anger rising on his cheeks.

Karl turned to face them. "Look, if you're worried I'm a cop, or some kind of agent, you can lay that fear to rest right now without a shadow of a doubt. I've got ■ wife and kids at home who are my main reason for contacting you. As we've said all afternoon, the situation here in Sweden is so bad that it can't get any worse. As I've told my wife so many times in the past and it bears saying it now – this is *Ragnarök*, and if we don't get some bodies onto the battlefield then I think we *deserve* extinction."

Gustav and Strom had drawn close to each other. They looked at each other momentarily and then gazed back at Karl. Their blue eyes were hard and they looked wary as wolves.

"Look, I understand that lack of trust is the ice that has frozen the warrior spirit of our people. You come from what is essentially ■ Communist country based on conformity and the repression of all masculine instincts. I know I must seem to you like an absurdly eccentric person. My kids chase black people like attack dogs. My impossibly gorgeous wife actually gives you a Hitler salute when you come to the door. Our house has more Nazi artwork than the walls of Berchtesgaden. I get it, I'm probably like ■ caricature to you." Karl grinned, despite the gravity of the situation.

Gustav's face stayed grim but his eyes seemed to return the smile. "These are things I have noticed, yes. You seem too good to be true. Your job where you disappear, your money, your sizeable donation, your room full of Nazi relics and uniforms...if I was the police and I try to create the perfect informer, I think I would use you as the example. You're so trustable that I don't think I trust you. You feel like a worm on the hook and we are the fish."

"It is my thought that you could not possibly be a police spy because we would never be so stupid to believe some character like you.", Strom cut in. His voice fell like a guillotine.

"I want you to judge me only by one criteria." Karl pointed up the trail. "I will lay my SS honour ring on the line, if it is something you can hold to some value." It was hard being subjected to such merciless scrutiny when his intentions were so noble and true.

"For my part, I am not so sure you are fit to be wearing it.", Strom said. Karl felt his heart latch onto the beauty of the man's honesty, despite his tone of challenge that flirted along the lines of disrespect.

"I may not be fit for it now, Strom, but I will tell you something. I won't rest until you change your mind about that. Give me another fifty metres, fifty metres deeper into the secrecy of this forest. Let me try to change your mind."

Gustav pulled a pinch of *snus* from the circular can in his coat pocket. He tucked it up under his lip and, confident of some inner decision, trudged forward in the snow to pick up a small fallen birch limb. Panzer came loping towards him like a gleeful bear and sent the branch flying. "Let us see what you have come to show us."

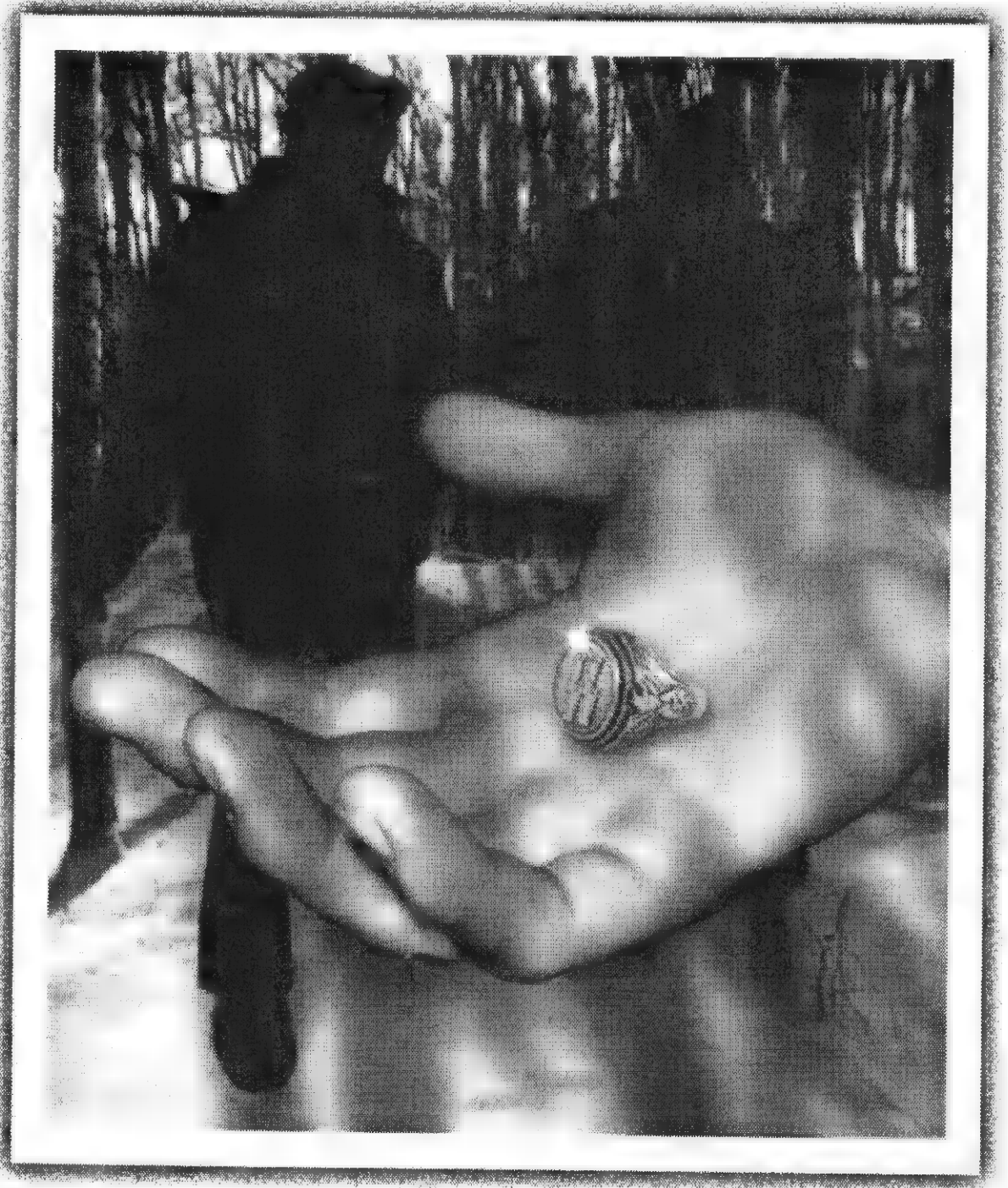
Karl forged ahead and came to the mighty tree where his prize was hung. He took off his gloves and pulled the Totenkopf ring from his left middle finger. Turning to Gustav and Strom, he spoke once more. "There is no man on this earth that takes this ring more seriously than I do. I have dedicated my first-born son to the victory of Wewelsburg. His initials are SS. I have brought you here because I have sworn to the Allfather himself that I will resurrect his Black Corps of death-knights and do everything in my power to save our ancestral lands from the combined armies of Allah and Jehovah, and to curse their foul fucking names with blood, steel, fire and truth."

Strom and Gustav gazed ahead of him into the snow like

stern models for a Thorak statue. Their faces betrayed nothing of their inner thoughts. Karl felt their innate resistance and handed the ring to them with an open palm. "Take this ring, this is my silver oath. My honour is loyalty and my loyalty is to my race. My race is my nation. Last week I made a pact with the soil that you men call Sweden. I will not rest until the North is free of these Muslim parasites. The only way I could think of to get inviolable trust from the men I need is through ■ deed that no police informer or agent of the law would ever submit to doing as part of their ruse."

Gustav had taken the ring. His eyes seemed interested, his stance had softened. Karl had moved him. It was just ■ tilt, a millimetre of stone grinding on stone, but it was something. Karl slowly grabbed the rope and unfastened the hitch that held it fast. Like a bucket of fresh water coming down the mast to slake the thirst of a ship parched with fever, Karl brought the cooler and its secret cargo to rest in the snow at Gustav's feet. Strom glowered with suspicion and warned his brother back.

"I'll open it. Feel free to stand back. I won't surprise you, it is the head of the corpse from Umeå you mentioned. I was guided by the Gods, I feel, to cut the thread of his maggot's life. I took his phone and, the day after I returned from the killing, a call came in that let me bypass his screen lock." Karl reached in and grabbed the frozen head by ■ handful of hair. He held it up to the Swedes, who couldn't help but gape in disbelief.



"This asylum seeking sack of shit, who, by the way, was an American-born Chaldean over here to use your taxes to ride the welfare train, has an entire folder of video files showing him and a group of his verminous brethren gang-

raping what must've been at least a dozen White Swedish women. I had no stomach to watch any more than a few seconds of each file, but the proof is here if you want to see it."

Karl took the phone out and extended it towards Gustav, who shook his head in negation. "I believe what you say, Karl. There is no doubt that this is what most of these monsters are here to do. They hear from their friends how easy it is to get away with it and how the men here do nothing to retaliate."

"Not anymore, Gustav. That ship of amnesty has left the fucking harbour." Karl's blue eyes glittered gold, as a ray of late afternoon sunlight broke through the cloud cover. He reached behind the crook of the tree and pulled *Harm*, clad in its scabbard, out to where the two brothers could see it.

"I took this sword, which I have named *Harm*, and brought the legacy of the old German Vehmich courts back into session. If you will just band together with me, if you will take this head as the token of my desire for absolute trust, then we can ensure that all the other pukes like this rapist bastard wind up headless or hanging from trees like apples of Odin's vengeance. There is no other fate for them. The long-lost purity and pride of our people demands it."

Karl searched Gustav's eyes and then met the piercing gaze of his elder brother. "We can reform the SS. By the authority of Baldur, under the sacred memory of our holy

Führer, we can resurrect the Black Order. We will hold to a vow of secrecy that only this German sword, *Harm*, can bear as witness. Each of us will take a life and collect a skull until we have one man for every Sieg-spoke on the wheel of the Black Sun. We will hold to military codes and maintain uniforms as if we were duty-bound Wardens of Wewelsburg, hired by Hitler himself. Through our devotion, a new army of men will rise to reclaim a bastion of strength. It's got to be all or nothing, Gustav. Strom. By my honour, I stand ready to kill you both if you refuse this call from the heart of your homeland to bring the fury and fire back to our people." At this Karl slumped over his sword, seemingly spent. All of the tension, all of the frustration, the juggernaut of Jewish power that hung like a soulless octopus over them all, it pulled him down like a sagging, forgotten scarecrow. His chest bucked in a single spasm of emotional desperation.

The Swedes looked on and exchanged their own glances as only blood brothers can do. Karl heaved himself up, his eyes bloodshot, his heart heavy. "Well, comrades, what do you say? Will you risk it? Will you join the secret immortality of the Court? Can we bring what justice we are able to this carnival of horrors and decadence? Or do I slay you both now to save myself and then fall upon my own sword out of sheer futility?"

Strom spoke first. His voice was deep and true. "Helvete, min bror. Vad sager du?" His eyes kept returning to the frozen, bearded grimace of the creature

Karl had killed. Strom suddenly felt like kicking it into the trees like a football.

A look of defiant admiration came over Gustav's features like an expression of dawn rising to combat the cold. He himself, named after the famed Gustavus Adolphus Magnus, the Golden King and Lion of the North, had never dared to believe that this day would come, that someone, anyone, let alone an American, would crack the egg of retribution so wide open that they could all bathe in the yolk. He had daydreamed of this kind of thing all his life. The Swede stepped towards Karl and held his hand out, gesturing for the sword. Karl held it out and stood tall, wondering for an instant if Gustav meant to cut him down.

"Meine Ehre Heisst Treue, Kamerad Karl. We will do it. Till doden eller seger." At that, Gustav drew the blade and placed the flat on each of Karl's shoulders as an honorary accolade. "You are a true Knight of Sweden and Protector of the North."

Karl felt Gustav's trust bloom before him like sunrise over Alfheim. "What say you then, Strom?" Karl's spirit was straddling an updraft that made him feel like an eagle soaring over a forest fire.

"I'm with you, Karl. *We* are with you. In *Harm* we will trust."

In Harm We Trust

